

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author of *Julian*, a Tragedy. Volume 2nd. pp. 311. London, 1826. Whittaker.

WE remember to have read with great pleasure the first volume of *Our Village*. The playful wit, the interesting local description, the love of nature in her fairest and finest forms, and above all, the good heartedness of brilliant genius, (talent has not always such a concomitant,) sparkled in, and threw a delicious enchantment over its pages. To turn from abstruse themes and dry details to Miss Mitford's village history, is a treat we plodding critics are not often fated to enjoy, and in the present instance, the transition was truly enviable. To hear our fair author talk of green fields, opening primroses, budding hedge-rows, noble avenues of trees, &c. is to listen to a voice truly eloquent in the praise and behalf of nature. Egotism with her is beautiful, we never knew a sweeter egotist; she makes us in love with every thing around or about her; her Lizzy is as a sainted thing; her May scarcely less so; and we seem to hold companionship with all her rustic favorites, with whose names we have more than once caught ourselves tripping. Yet with our pleasure has been mingled a share of regret; the picturing of youthful health and happiness, done so inimitably, has called up a sigh for the bright hour of our boyhood, and a wish to be as we were once. In writing this review, we seem to cast from us all critical care, and we think we can fathom the secret: Miss Mitford has made us pleased with her and ourselves, and we take pride in our pleasure that our hearts are capable of relishing such sylvan bliss; but—really we were on the point of disclosing our country descent, and it is not our province to be either too egotistical or communicative. In the remembrance of the former volume, we opened this. Seated in our study, with ponderous tomes, in literary confusion around us, to which we bowed as if taking a farewell of them, we read with a lingering delight, nay, almost spelt the title-page, and then shifting our armed chair to a more comfortable position, and looking at the square yards of blue sky perceptible from our windows, began with unfeigned gusto its perusal. Miss M. is taking her walk through the village:—

'It is a pleasant lively scene this May morning, with the sun shining so gaily on the irregular rustic dwellings, intermixed with their pretty gardens; a cart and a wagon watering, (it would be as correct, perhaps, to say *beering*.) at the Rose; Dame

Wheeler, with her basket and her brown loaf, just coming from the bake-house; the nymph of the shoe-shop feeding a large family of goslings at the open door—they are very late this year, those noisy little geese; two or three women in high gossip dawdling up the street; Charles North, the gardener, with his blue apron and a ladder on his shoulder walking rapidly by; a cow and a donkey browsing the grass by the way-side; my white greyhound, May-flower, sitting majestically in front of her own stable; and ducks, chickens, pigs, and children, scattered over all.'

Now for a little talk about the inhabitants:

'The first cottage—Ah! here is the post-cart coming up the road at its most respectable rumble,—that cart, or rather caravan, which so much resembles a house upon wheels, or a show of the smaller kind at a country fair. It is now crammed full of passengers, the driver just protruding his head and hands out of the vehicle, and the sharp clever boy, who in the occasional absence of his father officiates as deputy, perched like a monkey on the roof. "Any letters to-day?" And that question, always so interesting, being unsatisfactorily answered, I am at leisure to return to our survey. The first cottage is that erst inhabited by Mr and Mrs. H., the retired publican and his good wife. They are gone; I always thought we were too quiet for them; and his eyes being quite recovered, he felt the weariness of idleness more than ever. So they returned to W., where he has taken a comfortable lodging next door to their old and well-frequented inn, the Pie and Parrot, where he has the pleasure every evening of reading the newspaper, and abusing the ministers amongst his old customers, himself a customer; as well as of lending his willing aid in waiting and entertaining on fair-days and market-days, at pink-feasts and melon-feasts, to the great solace of mine host, and the no small perplexity of the guests, who, puzzled between the old landlord and the new, hardly know to whom to pay their reckoning, or which to call to account for a bad tap;—a mistake, which our some-time neighbour, happier than he has been since he left the *Bar*, particularly enjoys. His successor here is an industrious person, by calling a seedsman, as may be collected by the heaps of pea and bean seed, clover and vetches piled tier above tier against the window.'

'The blacksmith's!—no change in that quarter; except a most astonishing growth amongst the children. George looks quite a man, and Betsy, who was just like a blue-eyed doll, with her flaxen curls and her apple-blossom complexion, the prettiest fairy

that ever was seen, now walks up to school every morning, with her work-bag and her spelling-book, and is really a great girl. They are a fine family from the eldest to the youngest.

'The shoemaker's!—not much to talk of there; no funeral!—and, (which disappoints my prediction,) no wedding! My pretty neighbour has not yet made her choice. She does wisely to look about her. A belle and an heiress—I dare say she'll have a hundred pounds to her portion—and still in her teens, has some right to be nice. Besides, what would all the mamas, whose babies she nurses, and all the children whom she spoils, do without her? No sparing the shoemaker's fair daughter! She must not marry yet these half dozen years!'

But the sweet companion of the village historian is at hand:—

'Ah! here is Lizzy half leaning half riding on the gate of her own court, looking very demure, and yet quite ripe for a frolic. Lizzy has in some measure outgrown her beauty; which desirable possession does very often run away from a young lady at six years old, and come back again at twelve. I think that such will be the case here. She is still a very nice little girl, quick, clever, active, and useful; goes to school; cooks upon occasion her father's dinner; and is beyond all comparison the handiest little waiting woman in the parish. She is waiting now to speak to her playmate and companion the wheelwright's daughter, who with all her mother's attentive politeness is running down the street with an umbrella and her clogs, to fence their lodger, Mrs. Hay, from the ill effects of a summer shower. I think that we have had about a dozen drops of rain, and where they came from no mortal can guess, for there is not a cloud in the sky; but there goes little May with a grave civility, a curtsying earnestness that would be quite amusing in so young a child, if the feeling that dictated the attention were not so good and so real, and the object so respectable.'

'Now up the hill! past the white cottage of the little mason, whiter than ever, for it has just been beautified; past the darker but still prettier dwelling of the lieutenant, mantled with sweet-briar and honeysuckles, and fruit trees of all sorts; one turn to look at the landscape so glowingly bright and green, with its affluence of wood dappled with villages, and gentlemen's seats, the wide spreading town of B— lying in the distance with its spires and towers, the Thames and the Kennett winding along their lines of light like glittering serpents, and the O— hills rising beyond;—one glance at that glorious prospect, and here we are at the top of the

hill, on the open common, where the air is so fresh and pure, and the sun shines so gaily on the golden furze.'

Is not this truly delightful. The reality of the picture is brought forcibly to the 'mind's eye' by its vivid and charming portraiture. 'Walks in the Country,' 'Early Recollections,' &c. follow in due variety; all of which are distinguished by a freedom of thought and style unexampled in any modern writer. The merest domestic trifle is converted into a pleasing and playful narrative, and we become insensibly acquainted with the author's family circle: her protégées, friends, favorites, and flowers. There is hardly an old tree in the parish whose antique beauties have not received her notice; a chubby child whose luxuriance of hair and rosy cheeks she has failed to praise, or a blushing maiden or stripling lad, (fellow villagers,) who have escaped a kind word from her, and we doubt not as kind a look. Of the youth, maidenhood, and life, even to its close, of a country lass, there is the following *naïve* account:—

'The first appearance of the little lass is something after the manner of a caterpillar, crawling and creeping upon the grass, set down to roll by some tired little nurse of an elder sister, or mother with her hands full. There it lies—a fat, boneless, rosy piece of health, aspiring to the accomplishments of walking and talking; stretching its chubby limbs; scrambling and sprawling: laughing and roaring; there it sits, in all the dignity of the baby, adorned in a pink checked frock, a blue spotted pinafore, and a little white cap, tolerably clean, and quite whole. One is forced to ask if it be boy or girl; for these hardy country rogues are all alike, open eyed, and weather-stained, and nothing fearing. There is no more mark of sex in the countenance than in the dress.

'In the next stage, dirt-encrusted enough to pass for the chrysalis, if it were not so very unquiet, the gender remains equally uncertain. It is a fine, stout, curly-pated creature of three or four, playing and rolling about, amongst grass or mud all day long; shouting, jumping, screeching—the happiest compound of noise and idleness, rags and rebellion, that ever trod the earth.

'Then comes a sun-burnt gipsy of six, beginning to grow tall and thin, and to find the cares of the world gathering about her; with a pitcher in one hand, a mop in the other, an old straw bonnet of ambiguous shape, half hiding her tangled hair; a tattered stuff petticoat, once green, hanging below an equally tattered cotton frock, once purple; her longing eyes fixed on a game of baseball at the corner of the green, till she reaches the cottage door, flings down the mop and pitcher, and darts off to her companions, quite regardless of the storm of scolding with which the mother follows her run-away steps.

'So the world wags till ten; then the little damsel gets admission to the charity school and trips mincingly thither every morning, dressed in the old-fashioned blue gown, and white cap, and tippet, and bib and apron of that primitive institution, looking as demure as a nun, and as tidy; her thoughts fixed on

button-holes and spelling-books—those ensigns of promotion; despising dirt and baseball, and all their joys.

'Then at twelve, the little lass comes home again, uncapped, untipped, unschooled; brown as a berry, wild as a colt, busy as a bee—working in the fields, digging in the garden, frying rashers, boiling potatoes, shelling beans, darning stockings, nursing children, feeding pigs;—all these employments varied by occasional fits of romping and flirting, and idle play, according as the nascent coquetry, or the lurking love of sport, happens to preponderate; merry, and pretty, and good with all her little faults. It would be well if a country girl could stand at thirteen. Then she is charming. But the clock will move forward, and at fourteen she gets a service in the neighbouring town; and her next appearance is in the perfection of the butterfly state, fluttering, glittering, inconstant, vain,—the gayest and gaudiest insect that ever skimmed over a village green. And this is the true progress of a rustic beauty, the average lot of our country girls; so they spring up, flourish, change, and disappear. Some indeed marry and fix amongst us, and then ensues another set of changes, rather more gradual perhaps, but quite as sure, till gray hairs, wrinkles, and lindsey-woolsey, wind up the picture.'

The above illustration of rural existence is in a sketch, termed Jack Hatch, who besides his marvellous exploits in cricket, 'was the best bowler and the best musician in the hundred,—could dance a hornpipe and a minuet, sing a whole song-book, bark like a dog, mew like a cat, crow like a cock, and go through Punch from beginning to end!'

The noble game of cricket seems to be a favorite with Miss Mitford; she exults with becoming pride in a victory obtained 'by our parish,' and laments more philosophically, and may be more good-naturedly, a defeat. We have not forgotten her able Cricket Match in her former volume, in which the reader would suppose, and perhaps not unjustly, that she was the most interested party in the field. It is not every 'eleven' and 'ground' that have such a chronicler.

Among our favourites is the Black-Velvet Bag, which is admirably written, nor are many portions of the volume behind it in interest. Trifling as the subject may appear, there is thrown over it an almost indescribable charm. Would that other ladies could talk so pleasingly of the loss of a velvet bag. We have no objection to our heroine losing another, provided she informs us of her loss in as exquisite a manner. We regret that its length compels us to pass it over.

Doctor Tubb, (a sort of medical experimentalist, uniting with that propensity the profession of a tonsor,) feels his province somewhat invaded, by the author curing his wife simply by advising her to take no more of her husband's *yarbal* distillations. From an unexpected illness of May, this redoubtable character's ability is put in requisition:

'As if to make some amends to this prescriber-general for the patient of whom I had deprived him, I was once induced to seek his services medically, or rather surgically, for

one of my own family,—for no less a person than May, poor pretty May! One November evening, her master being on a coursing visit in Oxfordshire, and May having been left behind as too much fatigued with a recent hard day's work to stand a long dirty journey, (note that a greyhound, besides being exceedingly susceptible of bad weather and watery ways, is a worse traveller than any other dog that breathes; a miserable little pug, or a lady's lap-dog, would, in a progress of fifty miles, tire down the slayer of hares and outrunner of race-horses,)—May being, as I said, left behind slightly indisposed, the boy who has the care of her, no less a person than the runaway Henry, came suddenly into the parlour to tell me that she was dying. Now May is not only my pet but the pet of the whole house, so that the news spread universal consternation; there was a sudden rush of the female world to the stable, and a general feeling that Henry was right, when poor May was discovered stretched at full length in a stall, with no other sign of life than a tremendous visible pulsation of the arteries about her chest—you might almost hear the poor heart beat, so violent was the action.—"Bleeding!" "She must be bled!" burst simultaneously from two of our corps; and immediately her body-servant the boy, who stood compromising his dignity by a very unmanly shower of tears, vanished, and re-appeared in a few seconds, dragging Doctor Tubb by the skirts, who, as it was Saturday night, was exercising his tonsorial functions in the tap-room of the Rose, where he is accustomed to operate hebdomadally on half the beards of the parish.

'The doctor made his entry apparently with considerable reluctance, enacting, for the first and last time in his life, the part of *Le Medecin malgré lui*. He held his razor in one hand and a shaving-brush in the other, whilst a barber's apron was tied round the shabby, rusty, out-at-elbow, second-hand, black coat, renewed once in three years, and the still shabbier black breeches, of which his costume usually consists. In spite of my seeming, as I really was, glad to see him, a compliment which from me had at least the charm of novelty,—in spite of a very gracious reception, I never saw the man of medicine look more completely astray. He has a pale, meagre, cadaverous face at all times, and a long lank body that seems as if he fed upon his own physis, (although it is well known that gin, sheer gin, of which he is by no means sparing, is the only distilled water that finds its way down his throat:—) but on this night, between fright—for Henry had taken possession of him without even explaining his errand,—and shame to be dragged into my presence whilst bearing the insignia of the least dignified of his professions, his very wig, the identical brown scratch which he wears by way of looking professional, actually stood on end. He was followed by a miscellaneous procession of assistants, very kind, very curious, and very troublesome, from that noisy neighbour of ours, the well-frequented Rose inn. First marched mine host, red waistcoated and jolly as usual, bearing a huge foaming pewter pot

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of double X, a sovereign cure for all sublu-
nary ills, and lighted by the limping hostler,
who tried in vain to keep pace with the swift
strides of his master, and held at arm's length
before him a smoky horn lantern, which might
well be called dark. Next tripped Miss
Phœbe, (this misadventure happened before
the grand event of her marriage with the pat-
ten-maker,) with a flaring candle in one hand
and a glass of cherry-brandy, reserved by her
mother for grand occasions, in the other—
autre remède! Then followed the motley
crew of the tap-room, among whom figured
my friend Joel, with a woman's apron tied
round his neck, and his chin covered with
lather, he having been the identical customer
—the very shavee, whose beard happened to
be under discussion when the unfortunate
interruption occurred.

'After the bustle and alarm had in some
measure subsided, the doctor marched up
gravely to poor May, who had taken no sort
of notice of the uproar.

'"She must be bled!" quoth I.

'"She must be fomented and physicked!"
quoth the doctor; and he immediately pro-
duced from either pocket a huge bundle of
dried herbs, (perhaps the identical venomous-
smelling spicer,) which he gave to Miss
Phœbe to make into a decoction *secundum*
artem, and a huge horse-ball, which he pro-
ceeded to divide into boluses;—think of giv-
ing a horse-ball to my May!

'"She must be bled immediately!" said I.

'"She must not!" replied the doctor.

'"You shall bleed her!" cried Henry.

'"I won't!" rejoined the doctor. "She
shall be fo"—*mented* he would have added;
but her faithful attendant, thoroughly en-
raged, screamed out, "She sha'n't!" and a
regular scolding match ensued, during which
both parties entirely lost sight of the poor
patient, and mine host of the Rose had very
nearly succeeded in administering his spe-
cific—the double X, which would doubtless
have been as fatal as any prescription of li-
cenciate or quack. The worthy landlord had
actually forced open her jaws, and was about
to pour in the liquor, when I luckily inter-
posed in time to give the ale a more natural
direction down his own throat, which was
almost as well accustomed to such potations
as that of Boniface. He was not at all of-
fended at my rejection of his kindness, but
drank my health and May's recovery with
equal good-will.

'In the mean time the tumult was ended
by my friend the cricketer, who, seeing the
turn which things were taking, and quite re-
gardless of his own plight, ran down the
village to the lea, to fetch another friend of
mine, an old gamekeeper, who set us all to
rights in a moment, cleared the stable of the
curious impertinents, flung the horse-ball on
the dung-hill, and the decoction into the
pond, bled poor May, and turned out the
doctor; after which, it is almost needless to
say that the patient recovered.'

This scene is worthy the pen of a Cer-
vantes, and yet is told with infinitely more
grace.

We shall conclude with a sonnet, (Miss
Mitford's poetical abilities are well known

and appreciated by the public,) which was
written at the ruins of Aberleigh House, on
a rumpled piece of paper, supported on
a little straw fruit-basket, by way of table,
which, the writer observes, made an excellent
one:—

'It was an hour of calmest noon, a day
Of ripest summer: o'er the deep blue sky
White speckled clouds came sailing peace-
fully,

Half-shrouding in a checquer'd veil the ray
Of the sun, too ardent else,—what time we lay
By the smooth Loddon, opposite the high
Steep bank, which as a coronet gloriously
Wore its rich crest of firs and lime-trees, gay
With their pale tassels; while from out a
bower

Of ivy, (where those column'd poplars rear
Their heads,) the ruin'd boat-house, like a
tower,

Flung its deep shadow on the waters clear.

My Emily! forget not that calm hour,
Nor that fair scene, by thee made doubly dear!

The concluding lines allude to the young
and fair companion of her ramble.

But it is time we leave Our Village, with
its Macadamised road, tall poplars, luxuriant
hedges, white cottages, and pretty lasses,
and return once more to our town pursuits.
This volume has beguiled us of our care, and
for a true and happy exposition of country
life, is unrivalled.

THE PROGRESSES OF KING JAMES THE FIRST, PART XVI.

THERE is, in this sixteenth portion of these
Progresses, a vast quantity of amusing and
important matter. It includes Notes of the
Diet at Hoghton, from a MS. pen'd Sir H.
Hoghton, Bart.; accounts of the king's re-
ceptions at various places, and particularly at
Coventry, where he was presented with a
silver cup; a very admirable engraving of
which, adds considerably to the value of the
work. Many entertaining particulars are
also given, relative to the Muscovian ambas-
sadors, the revels of Gray's Inn, the jealousies
of Bacon and Winwood, the death of the
latter, and the execution of Sir Walter Ra-
leigh. These are only a few of the many
striking and novel features of anecdote, illus-
tration, and instruction, which distinguish
this valuable compilation. Ben Jonson's
Masques of the Vision of Delight, of Plea-
sure reconciled to Virtue, and his Ante-
masque, for the honour of Wales, likewise
increase the attractions of this singularly
interesting portion. The first-mentioned
masque is pronounced by Mr. Gifford to be
'one of the most beautiful of Jonson's little
pieces, light, airy, harmonious, and poetical,
in no common degree. It stands without a
parallel among performances of this kind.'
After this testimony, it is unnecessary for us
to preface our account of the piece with one
word of praise. It commences in the follow-
ing lively and fanciful style:—

'The scene, a street in perspective of fair build-
ing discovered. Delight is seen to come as
afar off, accompanied with Grace, Love, Har-
mony, Revel, Sport, Laughter; and followed
by Wonder.

Stylo recitativo.

Delight. Let us play and dance, and sing,
Let us now turn every sort
Of the pleasures of the spring,
To the graces of a court.

'From air, from cloud, from dreams, from toys,
To sounds, to sense, to love, to joys;
Let your shows be new, as strange,
Let them oft and sweetly vary;
Let them haste so to their change,
As the seers may not tarry.

Too long t' expect the pleasing'st sight,
Doth take away from the delight.

Here the first Antimasque entered, a she-monster
delivered of six Burratines*, that dance with
six Pantaloons; which done,

Delight. Yet hear what your Delight doth pray;
All sour and sullen looks away,
That are the servants of the day;
Our sports are of the humorous night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,
And useth than her wont more bright,
To help the Vision of Delight.

Here the Night rises slowly, and takes her cha-
riot bespangled with stars.

'See, see, her scepter and her crown
Are all of flame, and from her gown
A train of light comes waving down.
This night, in dew she will not steep
The brain, nor lock the sense in sleep;
But all awake with phantoms keep,
And those to make delight more deep.

By this time the Night and Moon being risen,
Night, hovering over the place, sung:

Night. Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;

Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phelgus;
And though it be a waking dream,

Chorus. Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

The scene here changes to cloud, from
which Phant'sie breaking forth, thus beauti-
fully speaks:—

'Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy
call,

But it is no one dream that can please these all;
Wherefore I would know what dreams would
delight 'em;

For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright
'em.

And Phant'sie, I tell you, has dreams that have
wings,

And dreams that have honey, and dreams that
have stings;

Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller,
Dreams of the kitchen, and dreams of the cellar;
Some that are tall, and some that are dwarfs,
Some that are halter'd, and some that wear
scarfs;

Some that are proper, and signify o' thing,
And some another, and some that are nothing.'

* I can give the reader no idea of the shape
of the Burratines. The word itself occurs in
that singular production, the "Microscopos,"
by Purchas; who speaks of it as "a strange
stuff recently devised and brought into wear,"
much to his annoyance, p. 268. It was prob-
ably a glossy kind of perpetua; whatever
it was, the six young monsters were clothed in
it, and formed, it may be presumed, some ridi-
culous contrast to the formal and fantastic ha-
bits of the six old men.—GIFFORD.

Thus far the speech is as clear as it is poetical; but the remaining forty or fifty lines are beautiful specimens of that pompous, no-meaning, and empty magnificence of sound, of which some of the wordy writers of our own day, seem so excessively fond. Whalley conceives that it was designed to intimate the inconsistency of dreams; and Mr. Gifford observes, 'our old poets seem to have found some amusement in stringing together these sheer absurdities, as they frequently indulged in them. Jonson's, as Whalley observes, are not ill-placed; and, if there be any degree of comparison in nonsense, his is also the best that we have. It might have been shorter; but if it amused the audience, we need not quarrel with it.'

The remainder of the masque is exquisite, but we must content ourselves with referring those who wish to pursue it to the work itself.

Among the Notes of the Diet at Hoghton, we find an account of Sunday's Dinner, the 17th of August. For the Lord's Table, were fifty or sixty different dishes, some of which seem to have been intended solely for the gastronomic skill of majesty. There were 'swan roast, one, and one for to morrow; hot pheasant, one, and one for the king; quails, six for the king,' and, as it would appear, none for any one else. There was also a loin of veal roast, which helps us to an amusing anecdote:—

'There is a laughable tradition, still generally current in Lancashire, that our knight-making monarch, finding, it is presumed, no undubbed man worthy of the chivalric order, knighted at the banquet in Hoghton Tower, in the warmth of his honour-bestowing liberality, a loin of beef, the part ever since called the *sir-loin*. Those who would credit this story, have the authority of Dr. Johnson to support them, among whose explanations of the word *sir* in his Dictionary, is, that it is "a title given to the loin of beef, which one of our kings knighted in a fit of good humour."—"Surloin," says Dr. Pegge, (Gent. Mag. vol. 54, p. 485,) "is, I conceive, if not knighted by King James, as is reported, compounded of the French *sur*, upon, and in the English *loin*, for the sake of euphony, our particles not easily submitting to composition. In proof of this, the piece of beef so called grows upon the *loin*, and behind the small ribs of the animal." Dr. Pegge is probably right, and yet the king, if he did not give the *sirloin* its name, might, notwithstanding, have indulged in a pun on the already-coined word, the etymology of which was then, as now, as little regarded as the thing signified is well approved.'

Of the king's brief stay at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, we are informed that, 'in procuring provisions for the royal train, the earl, as was customary, was assisted by the liberality of his neighbours, and, among the rest, by the corporation of Leicester. "At a common hall, held on the 8th of August, it was agreed that the town should give to the Earl of Huntingdon, against the king's coming to Ashby, one yoke of fat oxen, worth £13. 6s. 8d. or £14, at the discretion of Mr. Pare, Mr. Ludlam, and such others as should

buy them. There was a division in the hall as to whether wine or oxen should be given, but the gift of oxen was carried by a majority of fifteen to eleven." Having rested one night at Ashby, the king departed the following day to Coventry, after having knighted Sir Walter Devereux, "base brother to the Earle of Essex;" Sir Matthew Saunders, Sir John Bale, and Sir William Hartopp, all of Leicestershire; Sir Francis Ashby, of Middlesex; and Sir Thomas Trentham, of Staffordshire.'

We must here insert a very spirited correction of a mis-statement in Mr. Bell's Huntingdon Peerage:—

'This is the only visit the king ever paid to Ashby; yet, by the assistance of tradition and invention, working upon the vulgar idea that royal visits were always ruinous to the families honoured by them, Mr. Bell has enlarged as follows in his Huntingdon Peerage: "indeed the visits of the king became so frequent and often so long, that the enormous cost of entertaining him and his numerous followers in such sumptuous and magnificent style, was said [qu. by whom?] to have materially impaired Lord Huntingdon's fortune. It was even insinuated [qu. where?] that his majesty's covert and ungenerous purpose, in thus conferring the expensive honour of his company, was to involve, by this means, the circumstances of his noble host in embarrassment, in order thereby to disable him from all attempt, and quell all ambition after the crown! However this may be, it is certain that James and his whole court were frequently quartered on his lordship for many days together, during which, such was the more than princely splendour of Ashby Castle, the dinner was always served up by poor knights, dressed in velvet gowns and gold chains. On these festive occasions, it was customary for the nobility residing within several miles round of Ashby to repair thither, in order to pay their respects to the king. This homage, according to a traditional anecdote, was omitted by Lord Stanhope of Harrington, who was somewhat flighty and eccentric, and his majesty, offended at this neglect, sent for him, and reproved him for lack of duty; "but," concluded the king, "I excuse you, for the people say that you are mad." "I may be mad, my liege sovereign," replied Lord Stanhope, "but I am not half so mad as my Lord Huntingdon here, who suffers himself to be worried by such a pack of bloodhounds."—It is needless to enlarge on the high improbability and absurdity of all this; and all formed from the one simple fact, of King James resting a single night in the castle. The passage may certainly be regarded as no ordinary specimen of that ingenuity which is the "stock in trade" of counsel learned in the law, and learned in the arts of amplification embellishment! Surely Mr. Bell was the first person who ever dreamed that Henry, fifth Earl of Huntingdon, entertained any "ambition after the crown!"

The Coventry cup, to which we have already alluded, is thus described:—

'There was given to his majesty at that time a cup of pure gold, weighing forty-five ounces, with £100 in it. The cup cost £160,

for which he gave them thanks. The foot of the cup was chased with the king's arms, the two supporters, and garter; next to that was a collet with three lions, supporting the potkin or handle; in middle of the potkin, in cast work of gold, two thistles and two roses standing out, with three escutcheons, with the king's arms curiously wrought; next were three antiques, in form of three men back to back to bear up the bowl; the bowl was raised and graven about the lip. On the cover was the form of an imperial crown richly wrought; then a coronet to which the crown was fastened; with the crown was the cover of the cup, with two heights and a pyramid above. On the top of the crown was a scroll or wreath turned about, which was graven, "Ejus corona crescat in orbem;" on the top of that a globe of the world, and over the globe a little pyramid. In the bottom of the cup was the city arms, with this inscription, "City of Coventry." The case was of crimson velvet lined with crimson taffeta. The king said, that "wheresoever he went, he would drink in his Coventry cup," and did cause it to be put with the royal plate, to be kept with the rest of the plate for the heirs of the crown for ever.'

At Halsted, in Kent, his majesty was entertained by Sir Thomas Watson, whom he knighted, and whose grand-daughter was, on that occasion, presented to the king, holding in her hand, as Dr. Fuller says, 'the following paper of verses:—

'Of the Ladye Pope's daughter, presented to the King att Halsted, 25 Junii 1618.

'Sir, this my litle mistris here
Did nere ascend to Peter's chaire,
Nor anye triple crowne did weare,
And yett she is a Pope.

'Noe benefice she ever solde,
Nor pardon, nor dispenst for golde,
She scarcely is a quarter olde,
And yett she is a Pope.

'Noe king her feete did ever kisse,
Nor had worse looke from her than this;
Nor doth she hope
To saint men with a rope,
And yett she is a Pope.

A female Pope, you'd say, a second Joane,
But sure this is Pope Innocent, or none!

Our restricted space compels us, very much against our inclination, to conclude, adding only to the selections already made, the subjoined connected passages relative to Sir Walter Raleigh:—

'On the 9th of June, [1618,] a proclamation is published against Sir Walter Raleigh, whereby he is censured for that against all authority, and contrary to his commission, he had, in a hostile manner, invaded the Spanish territories in America, and had violated, as much as in him lay, the peace established between the two princes; that the king did not approve of, but detested such proceeding, and did therefore give full power to all, that they should produce what they knew of this action upon their certain knowledge, that he might be proceeded against according to law, and that those might undergo exemplary punishment who should be convicted of so great wickedness.'

On the 8th of August, Mr. Chamberlain states, 'Sir Walter Raleigh was at Salisbury,

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but he had no audience either of the king or council, by reason he is so sick and weak, and withall so broken out all over, that it is verily thought to be a leprosy, or else that he hath taken a dram of something to do himself harm. He came to town, they say, yesternight, to his old habitation in the Tower, but not to his old lodging, which was taken up a good while since by the Count and Countess of Somerset.

'On the 12th, Sir Walter Raleigh, being examined about his escape, confessed that, premeditating this flight, he had trespassed highly against the king. By his unadvised counsel in invading Guiana, and the tumult in the Spanish ambassador's house, some conceived the hopes of a match with the daughter of Spain to be mightily extenuated and lessened; for the King of Spain proposed nothing else to himself by matching and disposing of his children into England and France than by joining those kingdoms to him in affinity to disjoin and separate them from the united provinces, and consequently the more easily to reduce them to obedience. The chancellor and other commissioners often meet, and examine Sir Walter Raleigh.'

On the 24th of the same month, 'Sir Walter Raleigh is given to undersand by the commissioners, that it was the king's intent that he should be put to death, and that therefore he should prepare himself for the same. On the 28th, he is brought to the King's Bench bar, that he might speak, if he had any thing to say, why the sentence of death, pronounced against him in 1603, should not be put in execution. On the 29th, he was beheaded in the 66th year of his age.

'The time of Sir Walter Raleigh's execution, observes Aubrey, "was contrived to be on my Lord Mayor's-day, (the day after St. Simon and St. Jude,) that the pageants and fine shows might avocate and draw away the people from beholding the tragedie of the gallantest worthie that England ever bred."

The Stanley Tales, Original and Select; chiefly selected by the late AMBROSE MARTEN, of Stanley Priory, Teesdale. Vols. 1 to 3. 18mo. London, 1826. W. Morgan.

THIS collection of tales is published in monthly parts, and partakes, in some degree, of the style and manner which characterize the Percy Anecdotes, and other works of similar features and pretensions. It is got up very prettily, and each part is ornamented with a respectable engraving. Having spoken thus favourably of the exterior, we have much satisfaction in stating that the literary claims of *The Stanley Tales* are of no mean order; that the selections exhibit taste, and that the translations possess spirit, fidelity, and judgment, whilst the original portion is pleasantly indicative of the genius which is engaged in preparing these agreeable volumes for the public gratification.

An introductory narrative, and an article entitled *Stanley Priory*, (both, we suspect, concocted in humble imitation of the Waverley fashion of ushering in a novel or a story,) afford us an account of 'the late Ambrose

Marten,' the ostensible collector of these tales. It is managed with little skill; and though the materials might have been rendered interesting and pathetic by a more practised pen, the present writer tempts us to say no more of his prefatory narrative, than that it represents the said Ambrose Marten as having retired to Stanley Priory, to solace himself for the loss of his beloved and betrothed Ellen, by instructing a few youths, and collecting the tales which are now before us; of which collection he is thus made to speak:—'They are all extracted from my library, with the exception of a few that I composed myself, and one or two which young Julian Simond begged to add to my collection.' We think it would have exhibited only proper fairness and candour, if the sources whence the selected portions are taken had been pointed out, that we might, with more certainty, have been able to award appropriate praise to what is really new. We recognise many old magazine favourites, most of which deserve the place they occupy; and must do justice to the attention to *variety* which the arrangement evinces. We have legends from the German, Greek narratives,—not deficient in lively and stirring power,—and a plentiful admixture of Scotch and English imaginative sallies. Our extracts are from the *Story of Arnaut*, the style of which is elegant, and the interest intense. The narrative thus commences:—

'A few years ago, I was dismissed by my friends in London, with several letters of introduction to families through whose neighbourhood I projected a summer tour. Among the rest, was one addressed to Francis Arnaut. He was a young man of whom I had heard much talk. Every body liked him, and every body spoke of his talents and virtues as something out of the common way. His history, indeed, made him rather an object of interest, even without this character. He was a being of ardent feelings and hasty impulse, and the very outset of his career had been blighted by an inconsiderate marriage. His wife had returned to her friends, and he was living in late repentance to stalk about a fine mansion and sigh over its solitude. His fortune had come to him by a series of untimely deaths. He had no brother, no sister, and no relation to share it with him; and a very short trial had convinced him that his domestic affections had unfitted him for the heartless bustle of the world beyond him. This was a vague outline, but it excited my curiosity, and I turned out of my road one sunshiny morning to pay him a visit.

'The country was a fine sweep of real English landscape; an ocean of undulating foliage, with here and there a little green island, dotted with cattle, and intersected with shining streams. On one of these, after winding through numerous shady lanes, and inquiring at divers rustic cottages, I discovered the white walls of Arnaut's abode. It was a beautiful Italian villa, in the midst of a glorious amphitheatre of oaks, terminated by a blue distance which was mingling imperceptibly with the sky. A steeple and a few upright columns of smoke stole through the trees to show that it was not altogether a

solitude; and presently I passed through an irregular romantic village, which presented several pretty white-washed cottages, giving good promise of something interesting. I looked up at the little church clock, and found it just eleven, but not thinking it necessary to observe town etiquette, I entered the long winding shrubbery, and announced my arrival.

'Arnaut was a tall handsome young man, though something too slender, and pale even to sickness. His features, too, were marked with premature lines of reflection, which bespoke a troubled heart. I was introduced to him in his study, the open window of which admitted the soft breath of a July morning; and the carol of a thousand birds which were sporting in a wilderness of lilacs and laburnums. The freshness and gaiety without, I thought, contrasted somewhat painfully with what I saw within. There was a look of restlessness and care both in the room and its tenant; a pair of mould candles burnt to the sockets, hinted that he had sat up all night, and the disordered state of his dress, his neckcloth cast off, and his shoes doubled down into slippers, seemed to bear them out in this intimation. He came forward to meet me with a smile of welcome, which, though I did not doubt its genuineness, I thought an effort of fatigue. His first care was to make some rational excuse for his strange appearance; lest, as he said, I should be alarmed, with the idea that I was to sojourn with a poet or a philosopher. "He had been doing, he scarce knew what; abusing a vile novel, and whistling a worse opera, and forgetting to go to bed. The truth was, that his solitary life made day and night so like each other, that he was sometimes in the habit of confounding them; a lack of perception which my company would happily rectify." His conversation continued in the same vein, alike the property of mirth and melancholy; and this, I afterwards found, had become natural to him. It was the perpetual struggle of a joyous disposition, against the influence of untoward circumstances.

'Whilst he sat at breakfast, I had leisure to look round upon his usual occupations. His room was a perfect chaos. Musical instruments were scattered in every direction, some unstrung and some broken, as if taken up from caprice, and thrown away in disgust. Materials for painting were equally numerous; canvasses of all sorts and sizes lay beneath my feet; some with heads, some with landscapes—all touched in a bold, off-hand, impatient manner, but none finished. Myriads of books, in all the languages of Babel, were strewed amongst them; and a host of guns and fishing rods and fox-brushes, completed the universality of the proprietor's genius. Alas! how happy had any one of these resources made many a man, under double the grievances which Arnaut could have numbered! In him, they indicated nothing but a mind toiling incessantly to escape from itself, but too restless to be relieved by any thing. He seemed aware of my thoughts, and asked me, with a constrained laugh, if I did not think him a match for the admirable

Crichton. "I must give you to understand," said he, "that I had the misfortune to be born one of those little-witted gentlemen, who, unable to obtain proficiency in any one accomplishment, are determined to immortalise themselves by a smattering of a great many; and, truth to say, I am not sure but this patch-work of the mind is, after all, the best wear; for those pipes and painting-brushes and fishing-rods and fiddle-sticks, have made me more friends in this miserable working-day world, than I could have won by a wit like the shoulders of Hercules, with all the cardinal virtues to boot. Every new whim I strike out is a hot-bed to hatch new friends; and if my invention keeps pace with the diligence of my study, I shall have a decent crop by the time I die. For instance, the squire likes me because I sport with him; the lady praises me because I paint for her; and the daughter smiles upon me, because I fiddle to her. And when I am an astrologer and a conjuror, (which I mean to be,) I shall be equally delightful for casting nativities and raising devils." This was an ingenious excuse for the multiplicity of his pursuits; but it was made with a smile of melancholy which gave the lie to every word of it.

"In the course of the morning, I found that the popularity of which he had boasted, was not over-rated; for in our visits through the village, to which he was in haste to introduce me, no one could have been more welcome. He was at home every where—the young girls in particular, brightened up when he entered, and all of them had some grand secret, or some unfinished drawing, or new piece of music, to draw him into a little gossip in the corner. This was generally the discussion of some playful feud, arising out of broken engagements to ride, or take sketches, and so forth; and, indeed, if all the charges were true, he had been much more forgetful than most men would have been under such temptation. "Pray what is the reason?" said a gay little beauty, who was amongst the dissatisfied, "that you have ceased to be my *cavaliere servente*?—You were once as regular as the postman."—"I was afraid to trust myself in such dangerous company."—"And it was, therefore, that you devoted your service to the wonder of Elm Cottage?" The young lady turned to me with an affectation of pique, and talked about the attraction of the place, which she politely hoped, would have power to detain me some time in the neighbourhood.—Amongst others, there was one to which Mr. Arnaut would not fail to introduce me, "she meant a particular friend of his, who, unhappily for society, had contrived to estrange him from all the rest.—She was a lady of great beauty and accomplishments; and was, at present, making one of a series of periodical attacks upon the village.—At such times, Mr. Arnaut was apt to be a little forgetful.—The infirmity, indeed, was growing upon him daily, to the great distress of some dozen young persons, herself included. I thought this side wind put Arnaut a little off his balance; certainly he did not stand his ground so dexterously as he might have done, and his fair assailant followed up the attack till he

was quite defenceless. She appeared to have touched upon a tender point; his countenance had waned by degrees into silent pensiveness, which he vainly endeavoured to shake off. He seemed sensible that interpretations would be put upon it, and excused it as well as he could, upon the plea of a too prodigal expenditure of spirits; "an excess," he said, "which those villainous black eyes were always leading him into."

The description of the young lady who thus excites the jealous imaginations of her village rivals, presents her to us as an elegant creature of four or five and twenty; whose face was strikingly handsome, and full of mild and melancholy character, 'as if like Arnaut she had already had her taste of the world, and found it bitter. Her voice was low and mournful; and her dancing, though grace itself, seemed rather the effect of a necessity to avoid singularity, than of choice. She regarded her partner with a kindness, and spoke to him with a confidence, which I could not help envying him, and I soon perceived that he estimated her very differently from the rest of his pretty friends. He could not trifle with her, apply pet names, or commit any of those gay offences which used to supply him with little laughing quarrels and subjects of amusement. In short, he looked as if, considering his circumstances, he had suffered his heart to go considerably too far. The behaviour of Mary, however, was not such as to attach any suspicion of this nature, for her good-will was not breathed in whispers, nor conveyed in secret glances. She did not attempt to conceal it; and feeling that she was above calumny, she knew that others felt it likewise.'

The relater of the story then paints the progress of the ill-fated Arnaut's passion for this fascinating girl:—

"All my companion's pursuits had given place to the paramount one of attending upon Mary. He rode with her, and walked with her, and sat with her, as if there had been no other being upon earth; and I could not help feeling that such an intimacy was likely to produce evil consequences. Arnaut, however, was blind to them; and, free and ingenuous as his character was, I was, as yet, too much a stranger to touch upon a subject of such delicacy. His spirits, instead of mending in her society, grew worse and worse; he always returned from his daily visit much dejected, and sometimes so agitated, that I have seen him drink glass after glass of pure brandy, to recover his self-possession.

"After a time, the reserve which he had observed upon the subject of Mary, began to wear off. In fact, he thought of nothing else, and had nothing else to talk about. He would run on through all the hues of her character, with an eloquence that knew no bounds. Every word was poetry, and every feeling enthusiasm. Sometimes, when he had thus wrought himself up, he would break off, abruptly and impetuously, to the history of his luckless marriage. "I was young," he would say, "I was a boy, and my friends threw me in the way of people of quality—folks who make pennyless daughters to pamper proud sons—Jane was older than myself,

but the fortune with which I was cursed, was quite sufficient to make me a man in the eyes of her parents; I was coxed, tempted, and finally cajoled. My wife had received her full share of the family blood. The honeymoon was scarce over, when she began to talk of the honour she had done me, and exact the humility due to her birth. Discord was the consequence, her family interposed, her brothers threatened, I kicked a troop of them out of my house, and sent her home to mend their establishment with half my fortune.' He would then inveigh bitterly against the folly of premature marriages, curse his evil stars, curse himself, and turn again to his brandy, till his cheek was scorched with fever; but he always concluded with a melancholy and touching allusion to Mary. The thought of her, if it was the hurricane that stirred up the turbulence of his bosom, was also the oil that hushed it into rest and mournfulness. "She is an angel," he said; her soul is made of more than woman's gentleness, and more than woman's dignity; yet has her life been ruled by low minds, and devoted to sorrow. Her story is a common one: she was the child of rich parents, and brought up with high ideas, which were doomed to undergo the shock of unexpected misfortune. Her parents died when she was about eighteen, and she became, with two sisters, the dependant of a female relation, a woman of fashion, whose head was running upon advantageous establishments, and had not wit to discover that it was possible for hearts to be more sensitive than her own. About the time of her change of residence, Mary was addressed by a man of property, some five-and-twenty years older than herself. Her young heart shrank from the appalling disparity of years, but more so from the uncongeniality of sentiment, for he was a stock-jobbing money-making genius, whose mind was of a texture which suffered all the refinement of life to pass through, and retained nothing but the rubbish. But this was not a thing to be discovered by the relation, and she still encouraged him with hopes. The reports in circulation, as to her intended marriage, prevented the addresses of more worthy suitors; and the thought that her sisters, unless she could find them a home of their own, would be subjected to the same cruelty, almost tempted her to the sacrifice. Being, however, younger than herself, they were not in immediate danger, and she was resolved to drive off the evil as long as she could. Year after year passed away. Her relation became, at first, dissatisfied, then distant, and eventually oppressive. It was for a momentary escape from this that she accepted an invitation from a friend in our village; and here, immediately after my separation from my wife, I first met with her. You have seen the exquisite assortment of our country blades. It is no wonder, if, with very moderate pretensions, my conversation was preferred to theirs. We became intimate friends. She staid six weeks—went away, and returned shortly again, and so on, for two years. By degrees, she confided her history to me. I ventured to give her advice, and in return, she gave me the affection of a

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sister. She likewise advised me in my trouble, and I loved her madly. Sweet, gentle, unsuspicious Mary, how little does she think that the misery she pities is chiefly derived from her; how little does she think that I have found, too late, the being whom nature intended for me, and am writhing in the shackles which hold me from her."

The interest deepens,—the clouds of fate lower over the passionate Arnaut and the unhappy Mary; circumstances compel her to marry her 'ill-sorted admirer,' and the consequences to Arnaut are dreadful in the extreme. We have read few things more natural and affecting than the following passage:—

"His senses seemed chilled and torpid, and the few desperate attempts which he made to speak, were composed of words without meaning, or related to a chaos of subjects which jostled each other like the cross-readings of a newspaper. Yet, amidst it all, I saw a manly endeavour to overcome the impropriety and inutility of his feelings. He had, evidently, some vague plan of amendment, and, as he sat shuddering, with his elbows on his knees, and his knuckles pressed into his temples, he muttered about change of air, and change of scene, and asked me where he should go? Before I could answer, his lips were quivering with—Mary—husband—marriage—and again he would fly off to his affairs, remember that he had strangely neglected them since Mary went, ring the bell for his servant, write a cheque upon his banker, date it wrong, write another, and sign the name of Mary. He persevered till the task was accomplished; then begged me to go round the village, and take leave for him, and began to write a letter to Mary. He knew not what he was about, for when he had finished the first lines, I left his pen wandering unconsciously over the table."

His friend, however, complies with his request; and returning with a thousand kind messages for poor Arnaut, is informed that 'he had gone out for a little air, with his dog and gun.' We quote the appalling conclusion of this tragic tale:—"I thought it likely that he was gone into a wood hard by, and I strolled after him, not without uneasiness at his being left to his own guidance. The sun had found its way through the mist, and it was a beautiful afternoon. The little feathery clouds looked like strips from the rainbow, and the snow and the icicles glittered with unimaginable hues."

"The red light that streamed down the long vistas of the wood, or rather forest, catching renewed brilliancy from the grey barks of the oaks and huge beech-trees, showed me far down Arnaut's favourite haunts; but I could see neither dog nor man. I penetrated further, and called, and afterwards fired my gun, that he might (as had often been the case when we lost each other) return the signal; but I heard nothing, only the heavy flight and clamour of the rooks, which were scared from their perch. He must, surely, I thought, be gone home; and I returned, but he was not there."

"The night came on, with the howling of wind, and everything appeared dismal and

deathlike. The servants mustered all the lanterns they could find, and distributed them in various ways through the forest. I, myself, sought a new track, and holding my light to the snow, discovered the trace of footsteps. I could have sworn to Arnaut's foot, and I bounded impetuously onward. Sometimes I lost the track, again I found it, and was off like a blood-hound, shouting all the way for my companions. The snow, however, began to whirl through the bare branches with blind impetuosity, and soon filled up the foot-prints. We were all at fault, and stood shivering together with fear and cold, uncertain how to proceed. Time after time the men took turns to run home, but all came back without intelligence. Inquiries had been made at every house, and the consternation was universal. I scarcely knew how the night passed away, my mind was so strangely agitated; I only remember, that once or twice in the intervals of the blast, something was heard like the howling of a dog, but each of us fancied it in a different direction, and toiled after it to no purpose. At last, the storm abated; our lights burnt paler, and a cold blue streak announced the approach of day; after a while it expanded and broke into clouds, which sailed along like icebergs in a polar sea. We pursued our search with unabating vigour; moving like men of frost—our clothes absolutely rattling and crackling as we went on; till once more we heard the sound which had baffled our inquiries in the night. It was now beyond a doubt the wild wailings of a dog; and the stillness which had succeeded the storm enabled us all to agree as to the point from whence it proceeded. My heart beat with a sensation of real bodily anguish; and, as we scrambled midway in snow for nearly a quarter of a mile, not one of us had breath to speak a word. The first sentence that was uttered was, "There is his gun!" It was leaning against the stem of a tree. I snatched it up, and discovered, that it had never been loaded—an appalling proof of the state of mind in which he left home. In a moment a faint whimpering directed my eyes a few steps farther, and there lay the favourite setter, curled up and unable to rise. He had placed himself under what appeared at first to be the snow-clad stump of a tree. I looked upon it a second time, and cried aloud with horror. It was Arnaut himself. He sat upon a piece of broken bark, his hands clasped between his knees, and his head sunk upon his bosom. My first impulse was to seize him by the arm, but his frame was rigid as iron. His eyes were open, his brow knitted, and his teeth clenched, and his whole countenance exhibited an expression of sullen despair; but the feeling of it was gone. He had sat down, in the anguish of his heart, and the pains of the flesh were trifles insufficient to warn him of their existence. The hours of storm and midnight had passed like sounds to the dead, or sights to the blind, and death had imperceptibly borne him away to his rest!"

It is no trifling praise to say, that many of the Stanley Tales are scarcely inferior to that which we have selected as a specimen of the

literary merits of this publication; and that the whole are calculated to amuse and interest the admirers of the briefer essays of imaginative power.

THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL.—NO. LXVII.

THE present number of this sterling and truly classical publication, contains several articles of very superior interest. Among these is the Confession of Faith of Cyrillus Lucaris, Patriarch of Constantinople, A. D. 1631, of which Mr. Charles Butler was unable to procure a copy, to insert in his Collection of the Confessions of various Christian Churches. This Cyrillus Lucaris is memorable in ecclesiastical history for an unsuccessful attempt to reform the corruptions of the eastern church.

In *Nugæ*, No. xiv. we find a liberal compliment to the late highly-gifted but unfortunate John Keats.

The Cambridge English Prize Poem for 1826 is a very eloquent poetical essay on Venice, a name which lives

—'in Shakspeare's scenes, and Byron's lays,
And greenly twines in Otway's mournful bays!'

The opening lines will sufficiently testify the correctness of our opinion:—

'Spirit! who oft, at night's unclouded noon,
Dost love to watch the melancholy moon
Shroud in the wanness of her spectral ray
Rome—Athens cold in beautiful decay:
Or where Palmyra's mouldering shrines o'er-
spread

The Syrian waste—Sad city of the dead!
Beneath some ivied arch dost sit thee lone
To drink the music of the night-wind's moan,
And smile on ruin!—Spirit! who dost dwell
In the deep silence of thy cavern'd cell,
Noting the shadowy years, and mantling all
The pomp of earth in mute Oblivion's pall—
Spirit of Time! could Beauty's radiant dower,
Could Genius—Valour mock thy sullen power,
Could riches fly thee—Venice still had been,
As once of old, earth's—ocean's sceptred queen,
And still been throned in all her ancient charms
Of wealth and art, of loveliness and arms!

Fair—faded Venice! when in visions wild
Imagination on my boyhood smiled,
O! then the glories of thy proud career
With many a tale repaid my listening ear:
Thy merchant dukes by prostrate kings obey'd,
Thy deeds of war in distant climes display'd,
Thy marble palaces, and sea-girt walls,
The orient splendour of thy gilded halls,
Touch'd with bright hues from Fancy's pencil
caught,

All raised the rapture of my childish thought;
And now—e'en now to manhood's sterner glance
Thine annals wear the impress of romance,
And all that history tells of thee might seem
The lovely fiction of a poet's dream!"

The Greek and Latin prize poems are from the pen of Mr. G. Selwyn; and from the same talented source we are happy in presenting our classical readers with an address to our pre-eminent favorite Liston:—

'AD

JOHAN. LISTON,

VIRUM LONGE *κατακτάτορ*.

O qui Democritos theatra tota
A primis cuneis ad usque summum
Fecisti toties, severitatem
Vultus compositi lepore laxans;
Quis possit lateri imperare quasso,

Quis rictum cohibere, si loquensque,
Et clauso pariter jocularis ore?
—Dixistin' aliquid? nihil profecto:
Ergo quid placuit? quid ora vulgi
Motu mirifico repente solvit?
Comcedum lepidissime, iste vultus
Fons est perpetuus facetiarum:
Si linguam tibi Parca denegasset,
Facundo jocus emicans oculo
Pulmones Britonum magis moveret,
Quam linguæ triplices et ora centum.

This work is, as usual, distinguished by its erudition and research, and we regret our inability to afford it so detailed a notice as it deserves.

DR. GRAHAM'S MODERN DOMESTIC
MEDICINE.

(Continued from p. 626.)

'I CERTAINLY ought not to object to people quacking themselves,' said a medical friend to us the other day, 'for the practice has brought me many patients.' But we are of opinion, that there are many complaints incident to the human frame, in which a little domestic attention and a little medical knowledge will prevent serious illness and produce the happiest effects; yet when a complaint does not yield at once to maternal attention or common experience, let us caution our readers against tampering with their constitutions—let them apply forthwith to the most skilful adviser in their neighbourhood; at the same time, we would observe, that the liberal education of the women of the present day, renders it almost criminal in them to neglect acquiring the knowledge of many simple remedies which in families must be ever useful. To residents in villages and retired places, where medical advice cannot be had at all times, such a work as the *Modern Domestic Medicine* of Mr. Graham must prove a valuable acquisition. We now proceed to redeem the promise we made, when this volume was first noticed in our *Chronicle*. The valuable *Materia Medica*, which forms the first part of the work, furnishes us with the following extracts:—

Arsenic.—The greater part of the white oxide of arsenic of commerce is obtained in Bohemia and Saxony, in roasting the cobalt ores, in making zaffre, and sometimes by sublimation from arsenical pyrites.

'This substance has been long known as the most virulent of the mineral poisons. In a very small quantity, it occasions vomiting, purging, tremors, and palsy; in a quantity a little larger, it excites some pain in the stomach, with a sense of heat extending from the gullet, extreme thirst, violent vomiting, with anxiety and depression. Notwithstanding, when properly administered, it is a medicine of great efficacy, and is employed internally as a tonic, and externally as a caustic.'

Bark.—This heroic medicine, which was formerly called the Peruvian, or Jesuits' bark, is now almost always by distinction called the bark. The Latin name for it is cinchona, and there are three varieties in common use, viz. the yellow, pale, and red bark. The yellow bark is that which is now most frequently used by medical men in this country. In England, the bark is universally allow-

ed to be a powerful and permanent tonic, superior to all other remedies in counteracting the diseased actions of intermittent fever, and of eminent utility in restoring strength and vigour to the human frame, when weakened by hectic, remittent, or typhus fever, periodical pains, and acute rheumatism. It is given in the form of powder, decoction, infusion, or tincture. The form of powder is that which is in general the most efficacious, but the compound tincture is without doubt an elegant and effectual preparation, being the same as the celebrated tincture of Huxham, who generally gave it in agues and low nervous fevers, in diluted wine or water, with ten drops of the elixir of vitriol in each dose. The dose of the powder is from ten grains to two drachms. In ague, large doses are required even at the commencement; but in other diseases, fifteen grains are sufficient to begin with, which may be repeated every two, three, or four hours, and gradually increased to a drachm. Its taste is best covered by milk, or a strong solution of liquorice, and the dose should be taken directly after it is mixed. The dose of the decoction and infusion is from one to three ounces, and of the compound tincture from one to three or four tea-spoonfuls.'

Black Drop.—This is a preparation of opium, which has long been sold as a *nostrum*. It is powerfully anodyne and antispasmodic, producing the ordinary effects of opium, without affecting the head, or confining the bowels. For general use it is certainly preferable to laudanum, or solid opium, but is not superior to the solution of acetate of morphia. The secret of its preparation has never been discovered till lately, when the papers of the late Edward Walton, of Sunderland, one of the near relations of the original proprietor, fell into the hands of Dr. Armstrong, a physician in London, who has obliged the profession by publishing the manner in which it is prepared, and is as follows:—take half a pound of opium sliced, three pints of good verjuice, (juice of the wild crab,) one ounce and a half of nutmegs, and half an ounce of saffron. Boil them to a proper thickness, then add a quarter of a pound of sugar, and two table spoonfuls of yeast. Set the whole in a warm place near the fire, for six or eight weeks: then place it in the open air till it becomes a syrup; lastly, decant, filter, and bottle it up, adding a little sugar to each bottle.

'The ordinary dose of the black drop, is twelve to twenty drops, one drop being nearly equal to three of laudanum. But it is often given to the extent of twenty or thirty drops at a dose.'

Calomel.—This celebrated article is a muriate of mercury, prepared from a mixture, made according to certain rules, from purified quicksilver, sulphuric acid, common salt, and muriate of ammonia. So great is its power of altering a diseased condition of action in the smaller vessels of the circulating system, in which morbid action, the generality of diseases originate, that there is scarcely a chronic complaint in which this mineral may not at some time or other, either singly,

or in combination, be exhibited with much benefit.

'In almost all acute inflammations it is of eminent utility after bleeding, and is, perhaps, more to be relied on than any other remedy, particularly in croup and inflammation of the brain in children, vulgarly called water in the head. In all the acute diseases of tropical climates it is unrivalled in efficacy, both on account of the certainty and quickness of its operation.

'As a purgative, mixed with double the quantity of powdered jalap, it is a valuable remedy for worms in children.

'But, notwithstanding its admirable properties, there is no medicine which is so much abused both in and out of the profession, for it is daily given in disorders to which it is not applicable, and in doses which are highly detrimental. Indigestion, and what are called *bilious* complaints, are now extremely common in Great Britain, and for them calomel is considered a sovereign remedy. When the seat of the disorder is chiefly in the liver and bowels, small doses of it are employed often with great advantage, but in large quantities it rarely fails to be injurious. When, however, the stomach is principally affected, it is neither a suitable nor safe medicine, which may also be said of all the mercurial preparations; yet, nothing in the practice of medicine is more common, than for both calomel and blue pill to be given in considerable doses to patients labouring under severe stomach complaints. In such cases, its usual effects are, greater loss of appetite, emaciation, debility, lowness of spirits, and general nervous irritability.

'At this time it is fashionable for mothers to give their children calomel, even on common and trifling occasions, a very mischievous practice, which cannot be too forcibly condemned.'

The administering of this medicine requires so much judgment, that we avoid quoting the directions for its use. Those who doubt the propriety of our caution, can apply to the volume.

'**Castor Oil.**—The plant which yields this oil is a native of the East and West Indies, South America, and Africa. When good, it is thick, viscid, transparent, and colourless, or of a very pale straw colour.

'It is a mild purgative, operating very quickly, and with so little irritation, as to render it peculiarly fitted for cases in which the stimulating purgatives would prove hurtful, as piles, Devonshire colic, inflammation of the bowels, and all states of costiveness connected with great weakness and irritability of the bowels. It is an excellent purgative for infants and children, and for women in child-bed. But in obstinate constipation, where copious evacuations are required, it is not to be trusted, as it will insinuate itself through the intestinal canal, bringing with it a small portion of the more fluid contents, but leaving behind it the collection of indurated fæces.

'The dose is from three tea-spoonfuls to two table-spoonfuls, either floated on a little water, and covered with a small quantity of any ardent spirit; or diffused in a cup of

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coffee; or in water, by adding to it mucilage of gum arabic, or the yolk of an egg. The addition of one or two tea-spoonfuls of some aromatic tincture, as tincture of cardamoms, occasions it to sit easier on the stomach.

'Oil of Cinnamon.—Oil of cinnamon is a powerful stimulant and stomachic, and is used as such in cramps of the stomach, flatulent colic, and nervous languors. The dose is from one to three or four drops on a lump of sugar.

'Cheltenham Salts.—The Cheltenham salts prepared by Mr. Thompson, proprietor of the Montpellier Spa at Cheltenham, and sold in bottles at 4s. 6d. and 11s. each, are little else than common Glauber's salt. This fact has been confirmed by the experiments of Mr. Richard Phillips, an eminent chemist in London: it is, therefore, a waste of money for a person to give four shillings and sixpence for a bottle of what is called the "real Cheltenham salts," when the same quantity of good Glauber's salt may be bought for two-pence. The best factitious compound which is vended under the name of Cheltenham salts, is made by rubbing together the following articles:—

- 'Best Glauber's salt 120 grains.
- Epsom salt 66 grains.
- Common salt 10 grains.
- Sulphate of iron . . . ½ grain.

'This compound may be kept in a stopper bottle for use, and in doses of two, three, or four drachms, dissolved in water, will prove an efficacious purgative. Dr. Paris, of Dover Street, considers it superior to the salt actually obtained by the evaporation of the Cheltenham water itself; in which opinion I believe the majority of professional men will join him. Two drachms of this mixture, dissolved in a pint of luke-warm water, and taken regularly every morning before breakfast, will be quite as efficacious as a pint of the Cheltenham water drank at the spa. Both the real and artificial Cheltenham water is often of the greatest benefit in bilious and liver complaints, costiveness, gall-stone, and other complaints originating in disorder of the bowels, stomach, and liver.'

'Common Salt.—This invaluable article is one of the most abundant productions of nature, being found in almost every country of every quarter of the globe; either existing in mineral springs or lakes, spread in strata under the surface of the ground, or rising from it into mountains. The effects of salt upon the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are striking and important. It is a natural stimulant to the digestive organs, and seems absolutely necessary to the health of the animal body; for those who neglect it as an article of diet, have a weak and depraved digestion, and engender worms, often with frightful rapidity. Carnivorous animals are instinctively led to immense distances in pursuit of it: and in the 39th vol. of the London Medical Journal, the case of a lady is published, who had a natural antipathy to salt, and was, in consequence, most dreadfully infested with worms during the whole of her life. The principal cause of children being so generally troubled with worms, seems to lie in the pernicious custom of feeding them with a great deal of

sweetened food, to the neglect of a daily use of salt.

'It is tonic and stimulant. Taken in moderate quantities, it promotes digestion, strengthens the stomach and bowels, assists the natural action of the intestines, and corrects that weakened condition of them which favours the propagation of worms. The celebrated Dr. Rush, of America, used to employ it largely and successfully to destroy worms. A saturated solution of it in water, forms a powerful local stimulant, of great service in reducing the size of scrophulous and other tumours. This solution, when kept constantly applied to the part, is, in some instances, equal to the cure of very large or hard swellings.

'To act as a tonic, the dose of salt may be from twelve to forty grains, two or three times a day.'

'Glauber's Salt.—This is a sulphate of soda, and is a very common and useful purgative, whose virtues are the same as those of the Epsom salt. It is given in doses of from one to eight or ten drachms, in the same way as the Epsom salt; but a combination of these salts, in equal proportions, is more certain and pleasant in operation, than either of them used singly.'

'Guaiacum.—Its power of curing chronic rheumatism is well known. The dose is from ten grains to half a drachm, made into pills, to be taken at night, or night and morning.—The Chelsea pensioner, a nostrum by which Lord Amherst was cured of rheumatism, is composed of guaiacum, one drachm; rhubarb in powder, two drachms; cream of tartar, an ounce; flower of sulphur, two ounces; one nutmeg finely powdered; which are to be made into an electuary, with one pound of clarified honey. Two large spoonfuls to be taken night and morning.'

'Honey.—This well known substance is laxative, and externally applied, detergent, and stimulant. It is seldom ordered alone as an internal medicine, but applied to sores and cracks in the skin, it proves a cleansing and grateful application, which promotes their healing. When mixed with a little water, it forms the best wash which can be obtained for the skin when chapped and excoriated by cold. It is an excellent adjunct to gargles in sore throat and ulcerations of the mouth.

'Honey of borax is made by mixing a drachm of sub-borate of soda with an ounce of clarified honey, and is a cooling application of excellent use in thrush, excoriations, and ulcerations of the mouth.'

From among the collection of approved prescriptions, we select the following:—

'Corn Plaster.—Take of purified ammoniac, yellow wax, of each, two ounces; acetate of copper, six drachms. Melt the two first ingredients together, and after removing them from the fire, add the verdigris just before they grow cold.

'Spread the plaster on some soft leather, or a piece of linen; very carefully pare away as much of the corn with a knife as may be done, before the plaster is applied, which must be renewed in a fortnight, if the corn be not by that time gone. Mr. Samuel Cooper,

in his Surgical Dictionary, states this to be "infallible."

'Eye-Water.—Dissolve five or six grains of sulphate, or of acetate of zinc, in four ounces of distilled, or of rose-water.

'This is the most common of all eye-waters, for the relief of inflammation of the eyes, and in the advanced stages of this complaint it is often advantageously increased in strength.'

'Gustonian Embrocation for Rheumatism.—Take of olive oil, oil of turpentine, of each, an ounce and a half; spirit of vitriol, three drachms. Mix.

'This is an excellent stimulant embrocation for rheumatism, sprains, chilblains, and other cases in which an active application is necessary.'

'Sir Astley Cooper's Chilblain Liniment.—Take one ounce of camphorated spirit of wine; half an ounce of the liquor of subacetate of lead.

'Mix, and apply in the usual way three or four times a day. It is very efficacious.'

'Fomentations.—Warm fomentations are well known to ease pain, relieve irritation and tension, relax spasm, and induce slight perspiration from the surface to which they are applied; while cold fomentations tend to brace and invigorate relaxed and debilitated parts. They are a simple remedy, but not unfrequently prove of considerable service.'

'Common Fomentation.—Take of mallows, dried, an ounce; chamomile flowers, dried, half an ounce; water, a pint. Boil for a quarter of an hour, and strain.

'This is a very good fomentation for all common occasions.'

'Mixture for Recent Cough.—Take of honey, five ounces; treacle, a quarter of a pound; best vinegar, seven ounces. Mix them, and simmer in a common pipkin over the fire for fifteen minutes; after removing it from the fire, and the mixture has become lukewarm, add two drachms of ipecacuanha wine. The dose is a table-spoonful every four hours.

'In the opinion of the present author, this is one of the best mixtures now known for recent cough. On account of its pleasant taste it is particularly eligible in the coughs of children and infants, of every description.'

'Superior Goulard-Water.—Take of extract of lead, (*liquor plumbi acetatis*), a drachm; distilled vinegar, two ounces; proof spirit of wine, half an ounce; water, half a pint. Mix.'

'Burns and Scalds.—In the treatment of burns and scalds, (accidents continually occurring,) Dr. Graham says, 'it is a principal object to keep the blister from breaking, as a considerable discharge would come on, creating great irritation, and consequently danger. Cold applications are the best in these cases. The lotion, (the article last quoted,) added to half a pint of water, will be proper, and may be applied cold by means of linen cloths dipped in it, which should be frequently renewed; or cold water, vinegar and water, or scraped potatoes, may be used. When the heat and inflammation have subsided, leave these off, and apply a liniment composed of three ounces of olive oil added

to six ounces of lime-water.'—We must refer the reader, who wishes to know more of this interesting subject, to the work itself.—We have extracted enough to make good our promise, and we shall preserve the volume as the advice of an invaluable friend, to which we can refer with unrestrained ease in the hour of need—without any doubt of being benefited by its wisdom.

Synonyms of the Spanish Language Explained and Elucidated by copious Extracts from the most approved Spanish Poets, intended as an Appendix to English Spanish Dictionaries. By L. J. A. M'HENRY, a native of Spain. pp. 183. London, 1826. Sherwood.

MR. M'HENRY has in his grammar of and exercises in the Spanish language much distinguished himself. The perspicuous brevity and talent apparent in those works are not forgotten in this, nor is the more abstruse part of this treatise deficient in interest, being illustrated by apt and explanatory quotations from the most approved Spanish poets. The various synonyms are alphabetically arranged, their meanings clearly made known, and the distinctness of each pleasingly developed.

Character of the Greeks and Turks, with a general View of the Political State of Modern Greece.

THERE is in the current number of Blackwood, a very lofty-toned article on Greece, written by one who, while disclaiming all enthusiasm, proves incontestibly that he is actuated by the best and purest. He has waited for the clearing away of mutual misrepresentations, and for the statements of travellers, who having been led only by a rational and intelligent curiosity, have presented to the public accounts which are uninfluenced by 'romance, partiality, or fiction;' and, possessed of these, he now indulges in some observations on the affairs of Greece, which he has 'long been anxious to make.'

The characters of the Greek and Turk are admirably, and, we think, fairly contrasted:

'We do not hesitate to pronounce the cause of Greece the cause of human nature. We allow the greater part of the imputations on the Greek character—that it is rash, given to quarrel, suspicious, inconstant, and careless of blood. But the Greek has not had his trial. He has been, for almost five hundred years, a broken man. His place of birth has been only a larger prison; his education, the bitterness of heart, the subterfuge, the sullen treachery, and the furious revenge of the slave. What estimate can we form of the strength and stature of freedom from this decrepit and barbarous servitude? Even the vices of the character may be an indication of the vigour of its capabilities. The perversion of the best things is the worst. The fiery element that, in its rage, lays waste the land, is the great and exhaustless instrument of comfort and abundance. But the question may be decided at once—we know what the Greeks have been! If they are now barbarians, we must remember that they were once the lights of the world.

'But the Turk is a barbarian. All his vices

are thoroughly and incurably barbarian. He is habitually tyrannical, passionate for plunder, and a lover of blood,—his tastes are barbarian, extravagant splendour, gross indulgence, savage indolence of mind and body,—he enjoys none of the resources of civilization,—he has no national literature,—he cultivates no language,—he produces no picture, no statue, no music. Greeks are his linguists and the navigators of his ships,—foreigners discipline his army, and carry on his diplomacy. He resists the civilization of Europe with utter scorn, and even when forced upon him by circumstances, he resists it till its nature is changed, and he is again the Turk of Mahomet the Second,—he answers religious conviction by the dagger. He sits among the nations with no other instinct than that of the tiger, to seek out his prey, and having found it, to gorge and sleep.

'Yet no nation on earth has had such advantages for the most consummate civilization. It has been seated in the central region the temperate zone,—the master of its central sea on all its borders from Syria to Italy on the one side, and to Mauritania on the other. In the richest, most magnificent and inspiring realm that ever was under the dominion of man—the land filled with those splendid remembrances which have been the seed of knowledge and highmindedness to the ends of the earth; its plains and mountains a succession of trophies to the civil or military glory of the most illustrious spirits of mankind. Of all this superb dominion, the Turk has been the lord for almost five centuries. Yet he is a barbarian still, with all the ferocity of the old dweller of the Imaus, even his hospitality and bravery are but the virtues of barbarism; and wild, fierce, and bloody he will remain, until the purpose of desolation, for which he was brought from his deserts, shall be done.

This is followed by a sketch of Turkish aggressions, conquests, and cruelties 'from the moment of its gathering on the great central chain of the Asiatic hills, till the thunder cloud finally rolled upon Constantinople.' The sudden cessation of Turkish conquests, after the overthrow of the primitive church, and the truly astonishing permanency of the Turkish empire, are phenomena which are treated of in a manner much less to our taste than are the other portions of this clever essay. It is a sad begging of any question, to dispose of it by even a silent acquiescence in the presbyterian cant of pre-ordained decrees.

Colonel Leake, (whose *Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution* we noticed in the 378th number of *The Literary Chronicle*), is one of the principal authorities quoted as evidence, that the unfortunate Greeks are not unworthy of the interference and interest of enlightened Europe.

Building a series of cogent and conclusive arguments upon the facts contained in the *Historical Outline*, the writer proceeds to show that in exact proportion as the fatal influence of Turkish oppression is enfeebled, the national character of modern Greece rises, and puts forth commanding claims upon our respect:—

'Its nature is elastic, and it springs up

even in every momentary removal of the pressure; but its true displays are to be found where the Turk dares not come. The most remarkable contrast to the inhabitants of the plains is to be found in those islands of the Ægean, "where there are no Turkish inhabitants;" and in the mountainous parts of Crete, of Laconia, Arcadia, Ætolia, Locris, Epirus, Thessaly, and Macedonia. Here the Greeks bear "the most striking resemblance," in both their virtues and vices, to their illustrious ancestors—"industrious, hardy, enterprising, heroic; ardently attached to their homes and country; living on little, or lovers of wine and gaiety, as the occasion prompts; sanguine, quick, ingenious, imitative." The picture has its dark side—"Vain, inconstant, envious, treacherous, and turbulent." This picture is not from the hand of an enthusiast; the stains are too faithfully marked. But we must remember, that these defects would be the natural qualities of any people leading the distracted and uncertain life of the Greeks—even in his strongest place of security, pent up amid wild tracts of barren country, shut out from general communication, condemned to the habits of the hunter and the marauder, liable to annual inroads of a merciless enemy, and from his cradle to his grave, either the spoil or the antagonist of the oppressor. Poverty, suspicion, loneliness—the inclemency of the elements—a life of hazard—flight or attack—what original constitution of virtue could have attained its true stature? There is not a national character under Heaven that would not have hardened and darkened under this perpetual rudeness of fortune. That the Greek retains any qualities entitling him to rank among men, is the phenomenon—the powerful evidence of what illustrious qualities he may yet show forth, when misery and shame shall cover him no more, and he shall be called to take his armed stand in the great field, where nations struggle for more than the glory of the sword.

'Providence has commanded that various climates shall bring forth various fruits out of that vast treasure of fertility and bounty which it has laid up for the enjoyment of man. It has commanded that among the races of man, there shall be variety of intellectual powers for the general good. Why should it not have followed up this palpable law of beneficence as far as nations, and appointed those distinctions among the mightier masses of society, which have been found essential to the system of individual communities? Why shall not the nation and the land be made for each other?—the dweller on the shore of the ocean be gifted with an innate spirit of adventure, with hardihood of frame, steady intrepidity, and the love of the storm?—the dweller in the bosom of a great fertile continent be gifted with the sturdy strength of agriculture, the sober diligence, the unambitious love of home?—the dweller in the land, that was to be the first step in the advance of the eastern colonies to fill the solitudes of the west, the splendid school from which the arts of Europe were to rise, be gifted with the rich peculiar faculties for his noble designation?

Why shall we doubt that that suitableness of means which in the lower creation awakes our homage and wonder, should be abandoned in the great scale of society, and that nations should be suffered to drop into their places upon the earth like seeds borne upon the vagrant wind? Montesquieu, with the short-sightedness of French philosophy, attributed all national character to climate. Others, not less short-sighted, have attributed it to government. But the Turk, under the sky of Greece, is still the barbarian of the Imaus: the Greek, under the government of the sultan, is still the man whose ancestors were the living flame that kindled the mind of half the world. But for Greece, that mind might have flowed away like the vapour from the mineral, noxious or wasted, till it was turned by her torch into light. Every view that history or reason can give us of the purposes, the spirit, and the capabilities of Greece and her people, impresses the conclusion that she was made the original and selected place for the nurture of the highest rank of ability, and that it is no vanity to predict superb intellectual advantages from the renovation.

The climate, lovely as it is, and genial to the perfect growth of mind and body, will not account for this pre-eminence. The face of the territory, though diversified with all the brilliant variety of the most picturesque land, intersected and enlivened by a sea the loveliest in calm or storm on the globe, will not account for this. The climate of Italy was scarcely less genial, the land less diversified, the sea less magnificent or less animating. Yet the whole surviving literature of the twelve hundred years of Rome is not equal to a third of the literature of Greece during little more than a century and a half, from the battle of Marathon, in the year 490 before the Christian era, to the reign of Alexander.

But no due estimate can be formed of the vigour and industry, the almost preternatural energy of the Greek mind, without recollecting under how slight a stimulant it threw out its powers. It is true, that in the free republics of Greece some kinds of ability were the very wings of ambition; the soldier, the statesman, and the orator, had the noblest vision of public life glittering and expanding before them. But without the art of printing, without the general taste for reading which has sprung up from that art, that second gift of a living soul, and a speech comprehensive as the world, writing wanted a vast portion of its later excitements; yet what literature of modern nations can compete with dead Greece in the multitude of her works of genius! Yet have we the tenth part of these that deserved to be immortal? or what have we but the remnant snatched from the plunder of her cities, the ruin of her libraries, the utter dispersion and waste of her fortunes? Glorious and unrivalled relics of a mind, more worthy of homage than all the saints of Rome, yet still but relics, sacred fragments, the scattered jewels of a magnificence that all the wealth of later days must despair to outshine! What comparison can the literature of France, from the time of Francis I. to the present hour, from the commencement of

the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, with all its royal patronage, with its command of panegyric from all Europe, with its opulent encouragements to ability, sustain against the solitary literature of a land scarcely larger than one of its provinces! What comparison can Germany, with her crowd of universities, her indefatigable love of literary labour, her native vigour of intellect, her host of authors covering the land! What comparison can even England, the land nearest to Greece in spirit and genius, with her boundless empire, with her unsparing patronage, her unlimited freedom of discussion, her untameable mind! Here the rivalry may be tried on the largest scale; yet for our oratory, as for all the noble public arts, for our architecture, for our sculpture, for all our models of grace, beauty, and grandeur, to what other shrine do we kneel than that broken monument of glory and misfortune!

With this evidence of the original distinction of the Greek mind, it becomes important to know how far the lineage has been preserved. It is the conclusion of the most competent travellers, that the true Greek blood has been preserved to an extraordinary degree. The unanswerable argument is, the permanence of the language. Of great changes of population the first characteristic is the change of language. In all the other European countries, the ancient language has been superseded or mingled with the foreign idiom until it has become a new dialect distinct from both. In Greece we can trace the direct influx of strangers and settlers, by the same evidence, change of language in their district. The Wallachian colony that has settled on Mount Pindus, and on the Thessalian and Macedonian border, is Wallachian still, and speaks the Latinized dialect that it brought from Dacia. The Albanian settled in Bœotia, Attica, and Argolis, has not forgotten his native dialect in two hundred years, and may retain it for ages to come. In Asia Minor, where the Turks are the more numerous, the Greeks, original and settlers, have adopted a mixed language nearly unintelligible to the Peninsula. Where the Thessalians have mingled with the Albanian colonists, their language is a mixture of Greek and Albanian. The Greek of Attica bears the traces of its Italian dukes. Wherever it can be shown that the stranger had settled, there has he left his stamp upon the language; the obvious inference must be, that where he has not left that stamp, the ancient race still survive. There is no other country of Europe in which the native language is so slightly changed, or so extensively spoken. The Romaic is the tongue of the whole territory that was included in Hellas, the land from the Tænarian Promontory to Upper Macedonia, with the islands and coasts of the Egean. The distinctions between the Romaic and the ancient Greek are trivial, and the work not of invasion, but time. Auxiliary verbs are the chief introduction, but those verbs are Greek. The written character is still that of their earliest literature,—a great number of places and objects retain the same appellations as in the oldest times. The Moreote can read

the ancient poet or historian with more familiarity than an Englishman can read even Chaucer, much less the Chronicles of the ancient Briton, or the Saxon. The customs, modes of salutation, superstitions, sports of ancient Greece, are largely retained in the interior; and this strong similarity authenticated in every colour of national mind and manners, is found in the very spot which was the known and peculiar seat of the unpoluted and exclusive blood of ancient Greece. The conclusion is natural; the actual lineage that once filled the earth with its intellectual splendour still exists, however limited; and when once it shall have been delivered from its house of bondage, from the grave, which has had power only over its form, not over its spirit, it may stand forth in some still nobler stature of power and genius imperishable.

The geographical formation of Greece is much dwelt upon by Colonel Leake, and the present writer follows him through his statements and opinions, amplifying and developing these with considerable skill and knowledge. The islands were the original seat of all the true triumphs, to the rivalry of which isles, or the early freedom of their constitutions, are ascribed the power and genius they displayed. But neither the mutual rivalry of the islands, nor the freedom they enjoyed, are considered by the Blackwood essayist as sufficient to solve the problem. He considers the real solution to be in 'that primitive work of nature, by which the region was divided into islands, in general sufficiently large for separate governments, yet sufficiently near to make a whole;' and in the internal emulation of which these little communities supplied the source:—

'To be the first poet, or sculptor, or architect in his own island, was the highest reward of genius and labour. If, by the disposition of nature, the islands had been compressed into one, there would have been a lonely possessor of the first rank of fame, and perhaps a second or third, but all below would have been mediocrity, and indolent despair. But by the multitude of the islands, there were supplied a multitude of independent and immediate incentives. Instead of a solitary artist holding the solitary supremacy of Greece, there was a leader in every island, with a second or a third pressing upwards after him. The spirit of emulation was multiplied by the separation of society. In every circle of this glorious realm, there was erected a point, round which the fires of Heaven played, till the whole region was light and electricity.'

The conclusion of these valuable observations is too important in several points of view to be omitted:—

'We now turn to the Greek war. Greece is a country of mountains. The plains are few, and chiefly on the frontier. A mighty parallel of mountains closes it on the north, running from sea to sea. From this a ridge shoots off to the south, penetrating the entire of Greece down to the Mediterranean, where it ends in the Tænarian Promontory, dividing on its way Eastern from Western Hellas, and filling the region on both sides with perpetual

branches of hills. Four rivers rise from the chain of Pindus, that great central elevation from which the southern ridge is projected—the Arachus, flowing south-west into the Gulf of Arta—the Achelaus, flowing south among the mountains, and entering the sea near the memorable site of Missolonghi—the Peneus, (or Salypria,) flowing east, down to the Thessalian plain, and passing on to the Archipelago through the defiles of Tempe—and the Aous, (Viosa,) flowing north-east to Tepeleni, and entering the Adriatic near the sight of the ancient Appollonia.

The divisions adopted by the late and present governments are important for understanding the narrative of the war. The Turks governed by four chief Pashas. The Pashalik of Tripolizza included the Morea. The Pashalik of Negropont included that island (Eubœa) with Bœotia and the eastern district of Phocis. The Pashalik of Salonica included the southern portion of Macedonia. The Pashalik of Joannina included Epirus, Thessaly, and a portion of Livadia. Athens, Livadia, and Larissa, had each its separate governor.

The first impulse of the Greek war originated in the French Revolution. That great explosion, which, for its time, kept mankind in terror, was perhaps destined to be a mighty agent of good as well as of evil; it has already broken off the New World from Spain; and it may be at this hour renovating the exhausted soil of the old. During the Revolution, commerce had unexpectedly fallen into the hands of the Greek islanders, and with it comparative opulence. The general excitement of the European mind had reached even to the vassals of the Turk, and a spirit of education and improvement had combined with a sense of their wrongs, and a hope of their ultimate liberation among the fortunate consequences of a time of change. Greece had also assumed a sudden interest with the great belligerents. French agents had been despatched through the country. Russian agents had been despatched to counteract them. Greek students, traders, and military men, had occasionally returned, animated by the knowledge, the wealth, or the distinctions of Europe. The great Turkish ship still floated heavily upon the waters, without anchor or sail, but the clouds were gathering, and the storm was to come.

We have thus quoted some of the principal points of an article, which though it can only be considered in the light of an introduction to a promised examination of Greek affairs, is certainly calculated to create some sensation in the world's literary and political, which, every circumstance considered, is well-timed and well intended, and may, perhaps, render no slight service to a great and glorious cause.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

INTERNATIONAL DRAMA.

A SOCIETY of French literati announce their intention of translating into, and publishing in their own language, the *chefs-d'œuvres* of every foreign theatre. Their task will doubtless be an arduous one, and require an im-

mensity of talent: industry and perseverance may surmount almost every difficulty; but more even than these will be requisite to do justice to their undertaking. Accustomed to translate the works of living authors, we well know the pains and labour that are necessary to give every sentence its real value, and every thought its proper colouring; what, therefore, must be required to preserve the right signification of expressions that are become obsolete, and of language that was in vogue centuries ago. Our own Shakspeare, for instance, (who is not always understood, even by his own countrymen,) whose similes were often drawn from the customs and manners of his time, whose jokes—and we all know how fond he was of them—have, in these our days, lost a portion of that true attic which they doubtless formerly possessed; how his pieces can be properly translated we know not; it is not sufficient to give word for word—that which is beautiful in English may be insupportable in French; and to varnish over with the smooth polish of our neighbours the rough, bold, and energetic phraseology of the poet of nature, would be to deprive it of that characteristic manliness for which it is so remarkable. It is, however, wrong to judge by anticipation, and disheartening to set before the eyes, at the outset, all the difficulties which are to be overcome in the course of a long journey, should success crown their efforts; and we, with all our hearts, hope it may. The French nation will be better able than they are at present to estimate the beauties of our immortal bard, and we hope more lenient in pointing out the incongruities to be met with in his pages.

An analysis of this work is published in the *Revue Encyclopédique*, (one of the very best French periodicals,) from which we select a few passages, as capable of showing the rigid rules French tragic authors are expected to observe, and the extraordinary difference between the circumscription of their theatre and the license of our own.

Under the head of General Considerations, we read, 'Every imitative art has a circle prescribed it; its extent and bounds are laid down. If we neglect to measure the extent, we become poor and spiritless; if we are ignorant of the bounds, we wander, lose ourselves, and produce monstrosities. The secret of success is to wish only what we are able to perform, and nothing beyond. The statuary, for instance, confines himself to the representation of an attitude; the painter draws but one scene; and in its turn the dramatic art is circumscribed within certain limits prescribed to it by its own nature, the means of execution which it employs, and the illusion it ought to produce.'

Reason says to the painter, 'There is the frame for your picture; it is for you to fill it without exceeding it; it is for you to represent in that space a complete scene, that shall at once instruct and excite sensibility. Confined within these limits, the force of your own genius must give you an air of freedom under your necessary yoke—let all your movements appear easy.' The same Reason says to the dramatic poet, 'Behold that stage; that is thy domain; there must

thy genius employ its efforts; there must thou introduce man, society, and the world; there must thou give utterance to the human sorrows, describe the catastrophes that befall kingdoms, bring forward the great struggles of policy and the bloody institutions of fanaticism. The secret of thine art is the same as the painter's—to proportion thy picture to its frame, to introduce nothing extraneous, to calculate the precise effect of optics, and at the same time not to swerve from the laws of truth, interest, and nature. Thou must soften, move, and transport the spectator.'

It is generally admitted that every thing in imitative art is reduced to a question of interest. Moreover it is confessed that one of the principal conditions of interest is probability. But are our ideas upon this probability, its real nature, and upon the means of producing it, very fixed? Is probability the same in every sort of poetry? Ought not that which belongs in a peculiar degree to the dramatic art to possess a special character, indicated by the real nature of things? These are questions that require elucidation.

Works of the higher range of poetry are divided into two particular sorts: the one destined to portray a living image of man, to shew him, at once acting, speaking, and deliberating requires the necessary addition of theatrical representation, this is the dramatic; the other, in which the author exposes a grand heroic action,—relates the exploits, the combats, the quarrels of warriors, comprehends, in a single glance, the whole universe, assembles in a single picture, the earth, heaven, and hell,—is the epic. Independently of the plan, there is another fundamental distinction between those two sorts, the first is intended to be seen, the second to be read. The one almost all material, and partaking somewhat of a painting, is addressed to the sight; the other attacks the imagination. What is more severe than that sense of sight which judges in a moment of the truth of every object, compares imitation with nature, and cannot endure the false, however, brilliant. On the other hand, what is more complaisant than the imagination, which, beholding every object through the perceptions of the mind (that enchanting faculty so susceptible of every impression, disposed to enthusiasm, and to create for itself agreeable illusions,) accepts all which captivates it, consents to every thing that pleases it, and lends itself, without a regret, to the sport of every fiction. Probability cannot be the same in the dramatic art and epopee.

The witness of a drama, confined within the limits of a single scene, requires a rigorous exactitude—if your figures be out of nature; if in too great number, they interfere with each other; if you offer him superhuman beings—any theological fictions; if you wander, in short, out of the natural order of things, in spite of all the talent of your machinist, he turns away his eyes, and is revolted by a spectacle devoid of truth. The error seen too near, becomes too manifest, reason is shocked. But if you give him an epic poem to read, then, in the absence of the objects which the poet describes, his imagination will readily abandon itself to the

charms of fiction of the drama in tragedy is the

An extra dramatic poem it is exacted in a profound mental perfection of local verity source of inspiration present a general but to be a fact the people from they wish it to be institutions, the nations. They but when of action, they the country. the accessories picture to be model. This and this passage the age.

We will not contribute to it must be necessities of nature so indicate that it may how much nature, we demands a perfect and a most The manner certain nations of some more a stamp of of more citizens the stage the heroes add some German relics, the the feudal of the low our ears in the sake of man in his The observer another epoch The poet it, becoming amiss in the that exists tory. By the other The reader upon studying to gather a spectator, diverted, study; he ed, whose excited to would intelligible is not excluded is equally amusement requires a stand it.

charms of fiction. In a word, the real end of the drama is to paint the passions of man; tragedy is the supplement to history.

An extra condition is now imposed upon dramatic poets, and the severity with which it is exacted is, in the opinion of certain critics, a proof of an evident tendency towards mental perfection. We mean the conditions of local verity. They wish tragedy at once a source of instruction and study, not only to present a general portrait of the passions, but to be a faithful image of the manners of the people from whence its subject is drawn: they wish it to be characteristic of the institutions, the opinions, the prejudices of nations. They allow the poet to create events, but when once he has chosen his scene of action, they require an exact description of the country, and a rigid historical truth in the accessories; in short, they require his picture to be a perfect resemblance of its model. This exaction is far from blameable, and this passion for truth reflects honour on the age.

We will not deny how sensibly local verity contributes to the interest of the drama; but it must be classed among the secondary necessities of the art, since it does not constitute so indispensable a part of tragedy, but that it may be dispensed with. In admitting how much it increases the merit of the picture, we must, nevertheless, observe that it demands a profound knowledge of the theatre, and a most delicate tact to employ it well. The manners, the customs, the language of certain nations of antiquity, and even of those of some more modern ones are imbued with a stamp of rusticity that shocks the delicacy of more civilized people. To repeat upon the stage the vulgar abuse in which Homer's heroes address each other; to rake up, as some German authors do, the contemptible relics, the pitiful quodlibets of the heroes of the feudal ages; to hear these by the lowest of the low, in language that would disgust our ears in any situation, within a theatre, for the sake of preserving local verity, is what no man in his senses requires or would tolerate. The observation of the local verity presents another equally great difficulty to surmount. The poet risks, in conforming himself to it, becoming unintelligible. It may not be amiss in this place to point out the difference that exists between a dramatic poem and history. By the one we expect to be instructed, by the other to be roused to gentle emotion. The reader opens a book of history; bent upon study, he prepares for meditation, and to gather instruction from reflection. The spectator, on entering the theatre, goes to be diverted, and arrives without any previous study; he is a child who wishes to be amused, whose brain must neither be puzzled nor excited to meditation. Consequently if you would interest him, be, above all, clear and intelligible to the meanest capacity; tragedy is not exclusively designed for the learned; it is equally addressed to the simple; it is an amusement for every class, and it only requires a heart alive to emotion to understand it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL.

WEYMOUTH THEATRICALS.

WE understand that the lovers of the drama, at this once regally-honoured and still fashionable watering-place, have, during the past week, experienced a treat of no ordinary kind; first, by the representation of a new tragedy, entitled *Ethelwolf, or the Danish Pirates*, from the pen of Mr. J. F. Pennie, (whose beautiful poem, entitled *The Artist*, we, in No. 386 of *The Literary Chronicle*, extracted from *Death's Doings*,) and secondly, by witnessing the personation of the principal female character in it, by a highly-talented actress of the name of Hargrave, who, according to provincial rumour, is shortly expected, as a star of the first magnitude, to illuminate one of the metropolitan winter theatres. The tragedy of *Ethelwolf* has been printed, but has never before been acted; and though we cannot find room to give the plot, or allude to the chief incidents, we feel a pleasure in copying the following general observations from a Dorset paper, ardently hoping, for the author's sake, that the opinion there given of its merits may ere long be established by its successful representation in London. *Ethelwolf* is full of specimens of dramatic as well as poetic beauty: but at the same time it must be acknowledged that Mr. Pennie has considerably improved the latter scenes and the denouement by the most judicious alterations from the printed copy. The interest of the piece increases with every successive scene; there is no point where it flags for a moment; it is now carried on to a perfect climax to the very close of the terrible catastrophe,—like a rapid and mighty river that continually swells in magnitude and grandeur, till it disembogues itself in awful sublimity into the bosom of the roaring deep. We neither fear nor hesitate to pronounce Mr. Pennie's tragedy, as acted on Wednesday evening, one of the best dramatic pieces that have been written for many years. Miss Hargrave, in Elwina, performed admirably, with such a truth to nature and feeling, such a fearful and agonizing effect, as to draw tears from almost every eye, and spoke her the complete mistress of the heart of every one present.

'An author,' says a certain critic, 'may evince the very highest power as a dramatist, and yet his performance not afford a single striking quotation; on the contrary, he may possess very little of that metaphysical acumen which constitutes the tact of the dramatist, and yet his works may furnish splendid specimens of poetry. Glover, in his *Medea*, is an example of the latter. In the *Coriolanus* of Shakspeare, it would be difficult to find five successive lines with any ordinary degree of poetical merit; and yet, perhaps, the play, taken altogether, is one of the best of the greatest dramatist that ever appeared! The tragedy of *Ethelwolf* (which no one who has seen or read it will deny,) possesses numerous poetical beauties of no common order, and also, as we think is now clearly proved, a sufficiency of stage effect, dramatic incident, and pomp of circumstance, to render it highly pleasing and attractive on the stage. Such

was the complete success of the piece and its rapturous reception by the audience, composed of all the beauty, fashion, and talent of Weymouth, that it is to be again performed by express desire, and under the patronage of J. W. Weston, Esq., the mayor.'

We are happy to find that on the second representation of *Ethelwolf*, its success was more complete, if possible, than before; and there now appears to be little doubt of its being, ere long, transplanted to the London boards.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[In the number just received of the *Revue Encyclopédique* is a criticism on *The Literary Gazette*, *The Literary Chronicle*, and *The News of Literature* (defunct.) It remarks that our poetry has not been of so exalted a character as that of *The Literary Gazette*, at the same time giving the palm of higher excellence to *The Literary Chronicle*. Of the general justice of the reviewer we have no reason to complain, (except, perhaps, in one instance,) but it is due to ourselves to observe that the poetical department of *The Literary Chronicle* was never thought its embellishing characteristic by the late editor, whilst it is intended by the present arrangement to vie for rank of talent with any of its contemporaries.]

THE JANISSARIES' LAMENT.

SHALL the gleam of our sabres no more shed
dismay
When we wield them on high, in red battle's
array?
Shall our war-cry, Insh Allah! be thundered no
more,
As our falchions are buried in infidel gore?
Through ages of glory the fierce Janissier
Carried death to his foes on the point of his
spear,
'Mid the whirr of the bullet, the scimitar's clash,
He swept on his steed, like the lightning's wild
flash.
When the standard of Osman unrolled to the
wind,
Terror marched in its front, Desolation behind;
The uncircumcised Christian dogs, paled with
affright,
As the turban and crescent came on in their
might.
But our glory has perished, the traitor and slave
Now reek with the spoils that we won by our
glaive;
Our time-crested fame is by tyrants effaced,
Our bravest men slaughtered, our Aga dis-
graced.
But again, but again shall our valour prevail,
Again, at our rising, shall sultans grow pale;
Our ortas and ensigns now trampled in mire,
Shall flash on the sky, like its meteors of fire.
We have sworn by the prophet, our wrongs to
avenge,
With souls hot with hate, arms bared for re-
venge;
And, soon shall our ataghans purple with blood,
That shall inundate thee, oh, Stamboul, with its
flood.
By the God of our fathers! the harem and
mosque
Shall enwrap with their flames each golden
kiosk;
Thy throne, ingrate Mahmoud, shall fly from
its place,
Thy heart shall be rent, unremembered thy race.

Then again shall, unsullied, the flag be displayed
Of the tameless in soul, of the never dismayed;
The Giaours of the west shall as wont quail
with fear,
At the lance and the sword of the stern Janissier.

INFELIX.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

(Partly composed from hints by Hazlitt.)

To thee, oh, Sea, twin brother of the Earth,
Would I address my thought! thou element
Of pure abstraction! Unfathomable vast!
Can I describe thy powerful majesty,
Boundless Leviathan, that rollest round
The firm expanses of the verdant globe;
Peaceful as sleep, or waking into fury;
Ebbing and flowing, e'en as human breath.
Immensity of self creativeness,
Why art thou restless in thy oozy caves?
Do living passions stir thee into ire,
And make thee hoarse with striving 'gainst thyself?
Art thou, too, worked upon by subtle matter,
And forced to show to thoughtful man, that
thou
Art ruled by laws superior to thine own,
Which pen thee to a bound thou durst not leap?
Is there ought common 'twixt my life and thine?
Canst tell when I approach thy foamy verge?
Do we not launch our barks upon thy breast,
And make thee useful to our purposes?
For this dost thou yield us the mastery?
Or dost thou, dark revengeful element,
Invite us to display our boasted skill,
Then ope the smallest of thy million mouths
To show thy scoffing at our greatest might,
Mocking at human pride and human wo,
And choke us with imperishable sand?
Huge as thou art, art conscious of thy power?
And dost thou know thy greatness may be
shunned;
That man to fear thee, still must seek thee first?
And if he choose to try his strength 'gainst
thine,
It is a daring prompted by his mind,
A power of choice, a light thou knowest not!
But each is suited to his destined aim,
And man must die, though thou mayst live for
ever.

H. D. L.

FINE ARTS.

THERE is a very pretty engraving in the dotted manner, lately published, from a drawing by Harper. It is a beautiful face looking from between the bed-curtains, and is to illustrate—

'When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here?'

The countenance is beautiful, because it is natural; one of those faces that are to be met with sometimes, and not a beau-ideal that may be traced only in mutilated statues.

MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.

M. LATOUR ALLARD, a native of America, has lately taken over to Paris a collection of one hundred and twenty drawings of sculpture from the remains of the city of Palenqui Viejo, in Mexico, which was accidentally discovered by a party of hunters, several years ago, when M. Dupaix was commissioned by the Spanish government to explore and investigate these singular remains of art belonging to a half-civilized nation. The

city itself, which, judging from its extent,—about two leagues and a half from east to west,—must have been a place of considerable importance, appears to have been purposely deserted by its inhabitants, and not in consequence of any sudden convulsion of nature, since the buildings are still entire. It is conjectured that at the epoch of the invasion of the Spaniards, this city, being probably the place of their chief religious solemnities, was abandoned by the natives, in order to preserve it from being violated by their conquerors; and that in consequence the site had never been visited by the latter. In three successive expeditions, for the purpose of discovering antiquities, M. Dupaix visited Palenqui Viejo, accompanied by an able draftsman, and a sufficient convoy for their protection. Dupaix dying soon after he had accomplished his mission, and political events having broken the connection that existed between Spain and Mexico, the artist considered himself at liberty to dispose of the collection of drawings thus formed, and which M. Latour Allard has now brought over to Paris, in the hope that the French government will purchase it. M. de Humboldt, whose testimony will hardly be disputed, speaks in very high terms of its value, as being one of the most complete of the kind ever formed, and as contributing, in no small degree, towards the history of art generally. In many of the statues, small idols, figures of serpents, capitals of columns, and sculptural details of architecture, there is no inconsiderable resemblance between these and Egyptian antiquities, although they are, at the same time, evidently the production of a people less advanced in civilization: still they are both valuable and curious, and may probably lead to investigations that may terminate in discovering what relation may possibly have existed between two nations placed in such widely-different parts of the globe.

Milan.—The subject for the prize of sculpture, at the Academy of Fine Arts, at Milan, this year, was a bas-relief to the memory of Canova. The successful candidate on this occasion was M. Antonio Labus, of Brescia, who, in this composition, appears to have followed the principles of the great artist himself in whose honour he here employed his chisel; and his production is a work that would not have been derogatory to the reputation of the latter.—Canova is represented as on his death-bed, yielding his last sigh, supported by Religion, the Arts, and even Love. These figures are all beautifully arranged, and express the deepest affliction. A figure of the Tiber, at the extremity of the bas-relief, indicates the place which Canova most enriched with his productions. The artist has likewise introduced the celebrated group of the Graces, the divinities to which that great man so successfully sacrificed. It may, however, be questioned how far it is altogether consonant with good taste thus to give representations of statues in a work of sculpture. In other respects, this performance testifies that the hand of the artist moved in unison with his

heart; and that he was deeply impressed with the pathos of his subject. Such a work, from a young and hitherto unknown artist, argues much for his future celebrity.

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The comedy of *The Will*, by Reynolds, was revived here on Tuesday last, and Miss E. Tree made her first appearance in Albina Manderville. We have been considerably pleased with this young lady's former efforts, but on this occasion we lament her choice, if she had any; there are many other ranges of the drama, in which her talents could be made more available, with greater credit to herself, and profit to the manager, than in this inconsistent and absurd character. The play is, in fact, one of those many namby-pamby creations, which owe their being to more than one mediocre dramatist, as it is the fashion to call a moderately successful author; but, we presume, as Fred. Reynolds is dubbed the furbisher and play wright of the establishment, he is determined to *have his will*. We doubt very much whether Miss E. Tree was *willing* to undertake her part; her exertions were, however, as judicious as the action and words given her, would allow, and to use an old phrase, she made the best of a bad bargain. In her naval uniform, she displayed considerable address in managing its dependencies, and her sword was clenched, and hat arranged with all the bravado of a fearless stripling. In the discovery of her parent, more feeling than we hitherto have given her credit for, was evinced, and we doubt not in further propitious situations, will yet be called forth in a more natural degree. Downton in Sir Solomon Cynic, much amused the audience, more by his gestures than his sentences; in some hands, the amorousness of the part, which is its only attraction, would have been nothing. Wallack played Howard well. Mrs. Harlowe, as Mrs. Rigid, looked as stiff as the portrait of our great-grandmother; whilst Miss I. Paton's Cicely Copsley, brought to our remembrance many a rustic beauty; the two ladies received, and deserved their share of applause. The comedy, although occasionally calling up a smile from its extravagance, on the whole was dull, and ended listlessly.

COVENT GARDEN.—Kenny's long-expected production, after being bandied about from one theatre to the other, was brought before the public on Wednesday night. It is entitled *The Green Room*, and is an attempt, with little or no plot, to make the audience as well acquainted with that part of the house behind the curtain as it is with its legitimate portion before it. We question, in some degree, the propriety of introducing on the stage such a performance as this. However interesting the quibbles and quarrels of actors (for such things are,) may be to the theatrical corps, in the same proportion their importance dwindles when narrated without the walls of a theatre, nor within, by way of representation, are their comicalities enhanced.

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Mr. Kenny has, on many former occasions, been successful in gaining the ear of the town, and whilst the orchestra was preluding the rising of the curtain, we had made up our minds, from old reminiscences and the established fame of the author, to be amused if possible. We will not say that our hopes were entirely frustrated, but the reality fell far short of the desire. It is usual for us, in some measure, to narrate the plot; in the present instance, this is somewhat difficult, as, in spite of our critical glasses and acumen, we failed to discover any. That which was meant for one, or something approaching it, was as follows:—Torrid, a young poet, imbued with all the characteristics of the irascible and inconsistent sons of the muses, has composed a comedy, which has been accepted by Mr. Muster, the manager of a Welsh strolling company; on its success, the ardent young man depends not only for literary fame, but for the hand of Emily, the manager's daughter. Rehearsed, and on the eve of representation, the author is comparatively happy, when Starling, the head tragedian, (a rival of Torrid,) finds fault with his part, and, at last, throws it entirely up; other members of the sock and buskin follow his unfortunate example, and the playwright is reduced to the depth of despondency, and retires overwhelmed with indignation from the theatre. Sir Perigrine Quixote, an antiquated beau, had previously met with a lady, who passed herself off as a widow of property, and throws a successful lure to the infatuated and adventure-seeking baronet. By chance, he finds his devoted in the green-room of the house, and on his expressing his astonishment at her presence there, is given to understand from her half admissions, that she is the author of the forthcoming comedy. Stimulated by this, he exerts himself with great effect, reconciles the actors to their proper stations, and Torrid receives a notice that his play will at last be performed. With all the gratitude of a genius, he writes a note of thanks to his unseen patron, which in some degree makes jealous the worthy Sir Peregrine. By the machinations of Mrs. Carmine, her lover is prevailed on to drop his intention of being present on the first night, but on receiving a poetical anonymous communication, he makes his appearance near the conclusion of the piece in the *Green Room*, and discovers Torrid to be the real author, and his mistress one of the establishment. Recrimination ensues, and a deal of abuse is vented by the lady on her now-convinced chaperon. The play is successful, and eventually the lovers, as is usual, are made happy and are united.

This is the outline of the story; there are several other incidents introduced to fill up a due space of time. Why *The Green Room*, possessing only two acts, and those in broad farce, should be called a comedy, is an enigma to us; but the monstrosities of the drama within these few years have so much increased that we wonder at nothing, however unapt and incongruous. So much for the author, now for his representatives; and, as critics whose gallantry has never been impeached, we shall, as in duty bound, begin

with the ladies. First of all will we mention, in terms of great praise, Miss M. Glover, whose acting on this occasion, as Emily Muster, was distinguished by a pleasing correctness and natural effect, which would not have disgraced the lady veterans of the stage, and yet was rendered more enchanting by her sweet face, silvery-toned voice, and well-formed person. Mrs. Gibbs, as Mrs. Carmine, acted with her usual ability, but the part was one tending to bring disgrace on the profession, and was disgusting in its details. Mrs. Weston had a subordinate character in which she looked as vulgar as the occasion required. Now turn we to the gentleman, and as we have somewhat of poetical inspiration about us, we shall first notice Mr. Charles Kemble's Torrid. There were many parts about it that highly pleased us, and others, in which that usually judicious actor forgot his wonted judgment, and ranted like a third-rate; the part was, however, one which no talent could make prominently attractive: if modern authors have to beg of actors to perform their duty in the way poor Torrid did, a blessing be on the votaries of dramatic authorship, and send them a speedy deliverance from their dreamy state of existence! Farren's art in personifying elderly gentlemen touched with the mania of youthful foppery is well known; the character of Sir Peregrine Quixote is too limited for his talents, but all its successful points were seized with avidity, and told in several instances extremely well. Jones was Sebright, the comedian of the company, and, thus placed, uttered a few compliments on himself, which were echoed by the audience, and called up a smile of complacency on his countenance somewhat too self-flattering for us; the little he had to do was, however, well done. Bartley had a nondescript part, which he fulfilled as well as circumstances would allow. Power, as Starling, the discontented tragedian, stalked about in his undress, delivered his opinions with all the dignity of Hamlet, and aped Macready to the life. This is in some measure unfair; but independently of his imitation, the self-flattered hero, carrying his professional qualifications into private life, could not have found a more efficient representative; his start, tone, and action, were in proper keeping with his vain dignity.

In the first act, from the languor which prevailed in the house, we had some notion that a storm was about to commence; but in the second, from the clapping of hands by the presumed audience behind the scenes witnessing the new comedy, the good-natured folks before, comfortably took the hint, and, for want of better employment, and perhaps longing to exert their privilege, applauded also.—*The Green Room* was given out for repetition by Mr. Kemble, accompanied with many plaudits—whether for him or the piece, we leave to the vanity of the author or actor to decide.

The Surrey Theatre is taken by Messrs. Decker and Dunn.—The latter gentleman had the direction of the Royalty at the time it was burnt.

Considerable opposition was made at the Surrey Quarter Sessions to the renewal of

the licenses of the Cobourg Theatre and of Vauxhall Gardens. The objections to the Cobourg, arose in the performance of dramatic pieces, which brought into painful representation the peculiarities or afflictions of persons too recently deceased, in which mention was frequently made of his late Majesty. Mr. Davidge softened the complaints as much as possible, and promised that no future representation should touch upon any of the points reprobated; with this understanding the license was renewed.

A formidable petition was presented against Vauxhall Gardens, generally complaining that during its season the neighbourhood was a continued scene of nocturnal riot and dissipation. After very considerable discussion the license was renewed to Messrs. Gye and Hughes, with conditions that the fire-works should commence at eleven o'clock, (a provision which Mr. Gye declared would be an injury to the property equal to £5000.) and that the *dark walk* should be illuminated and kept so while the gardens were open, with a further understanding that if loose women were permitted to dance, the license would not be again renewed.

The license to Astley's Theatre was made out, without objection, to widow Astley, three ladies named Gill, and Messrs. Ducrow and West.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Mr. Buckingham, on Thursday, in the court of King's Bench, obtained a verdict (damages £400) against Mr. Banks, for a libel. The trial elicited some curious facts connected with the production of *Travels in Palestine*, likely to afford much chit-chat in literary circles.

Time's Telescope for 1827, which will appear with the Almanacks, on the 21st of November, will exhibit some novel and interesting features, particularly in entomology and botany; it will also contain various elegant contributions from eminent living poets.

There is a very general—we had almost said an universal—idea, that the Royal Society is in the hands of prigs and charlatans.—*Times*.

We understand that the long-promised romance, *Paul Jones*, by Allan Cunningham, the author of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, *Traditional Tales*, &c., will be ready in a few days.

Next month will be published, with engravings on steel by James Mitchell, from drawings by J. M. Wright, *Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry*, from Chaucer to the present day. The whole illustrated with biographical notices and critical remarks, by John Johnstone.

The tasteful stone bridge which is throwing over the Serpentine-river, near Kensington Gardens, when finished, will open a delightful promenade and drive entirely round Hyde Park.

A new English journal is about to be established at Brussels.

The *Story of a Wanderer*, founded upon his *Recollections of Incidents in Russian and Cossack Scenes*, will soon be published.

In the press, *Thoughts on Domestic Education, the Result of Experience*, by a Mother.

The design for the new United Service Club House, which is to be erected on a part of the site of the palace in Pall Mall, is understood to be of the most elegant description, and his Majesty has graciously intimated his intention of presenting the beautiful portico, which forms the grand entrance, to the members of the club.

We learn that Mr. Tennant, author of *Anster Fair*, has nearly ready for press a work, entitled *Papistry Storm'd*, or the *Dingin Down o' the Cathedral*.

A handsome new church is about to be erected on what was formerly Knightsbridge Green, now almost covered with petty buildings, at the division of the Kensington and Fulham roads.

In a few days will be published, *Mathematical and Astronomical Tables*, for the use of Students in Mathematics, Practical Astronomers, Surveyors, Engineers, and Navigators; by William Galbraith, M.A., Teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh.

Discourses on the Duties and Consolations of the Old, by the Rev. Dr. Belfrage, Falkirk, author of *A Monitor to Families*, is in the press.

Edward Hay, Esq. late secretary to the Catholics of Ireland, died on Friday se'n-night, at one o'clock, p.m. at an obscure lodging in Clanbrassil Street, near Harold's Cross. He died in absolute want; he was destitute even of the common means of paying for medicine during his illness. During the last years of his life, Mr. Hay was deserted by nearly all his early friends. The bitter sufferings, privations, and anxieties, which pressed upon him even unto the grave, will not tend much to raise the character of those who, as public men, had co-operated with him in the management of Catholic affairs for a quarter of a century.—*Dublin Morning Post*.

The Earl of Bridgewater.—The following probably overcharged, but curious account of this eccentric character, appears in a Paris paper:—'Some persons, knowing but imperfectly this model of originals, past, present, and to come, and appearing desirous to learn something more respecting him, we think it may be agreeable, if we collect such anecdotes respecting such a singular personage as are well calculated to enrich the history of human oddities. No one has higher claims to a distinguished place in such history than M. Egerton, who has for several years borne the title of Earl of Bridgewater. Those who have once seen—nay, those who have never seen—this meagre personage drag himself along, supported by two huge lacqueys, with his sugar-loaf hat slouched over his eyes, cannot fail to recognise him.—An immense fortune enables him to gratify the most extravagant caprices that ever passed through the

head of a rich Englishman. If he be lent a book, he carries his politeness so far as to send it back, or rather have it conducted home in a carriage. He gives orders that two of his most stately steeds be caparisoned under one of his chariots; and the volume, reclining at ease in milord's landau, arrives, attended by four footmen in costly livery, at the door of its astounded owner. His carriage is frequently to be seen filled with his dogs. He bestows great care on the feet of these dogs, and orders them boots, for which he pays as dearly as for his own. Lord Bridgewater's custom is an excellent one for the boot-maker; for, besides the four feet of each of his dogs, the supply of his own two feet must give constant employment to several operatives. He puts on a new pair of boots every day, carefully preserving those he has once worn, and ranging them in order; he commands that none shall touch them, but takes himself great pleasure in observing how much of the year he has each day passed, by viewing the state of his boots.

The noble earl is a man of few acquaintance, and very few of his countrymen have got as far as his dining-hall. His table, however, is constantly set out with a dozen covers, and served by a suitable attendance. Who then are his privileged guests? No less than a dozen favourite dogs, who daily partake of Milord's dinner, seated very gravely in arm chairs, each with a napkin round his neck, and a servant behind to attend to his wants. These honourable quadrupeds, as if grateful for such delicate attentions, comport themselves during the time of repast, with a decency and decorum which would do more than honour to a party of gentlemen, but if, by any chance, one of them should transgress any of the rules of good manners, he is banished to the antichamber, where, dressed in livery, he eats in sorrow the bread of shame, and picks the bone of mortification, while his place at table remains vacant till his repentance has merited a generous pardon!—*Morning Chron.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Morning			Night		Barom.		Weather.
	8 o'clock	1 o'clock	11 o'clock	1 o'clock	11 o'clock	1 o'clock	11 o'clock	
Oct. 13	60	60	50	30	16			Cloudy.
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.... 17	45	58	52	30	00			Fair.
.... 18	54	60	56	29	98			Cloudy.
.... 19	58	60	58	30	00			Do.

Works just published:—Honor O'Hara, by Miss Porter, 3 vols. 24s.—*Idle Hours Employed*, 4s. 6d.—Llorenti's *History of the Inquisition*, 8vo. 15s.—*Our Village*, vol. 2nd, 8s. 6d.—*The Swiss Family Robinson*, new edition, with new cuts, 7s. 6d.—*Cruttwell's House-keeper for 1827*, 2s.—*Draper's Stories from Scripture History*, 6s.—*Brown's Logarithms*, 8vo. 8s.—*Lardner's Trigonometry*, 8vo. 12s.—*Smith's Classical Student's Manual*, 8vo. 8s.—*Bell's Surgery*, 4 vols. 3l. 3s.

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No. 38

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